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... THE ...
EYE=WITNESS

Edited by HILAIRE BELLOC.

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Notes of the Week

THE passing of Lord Loreburn as a Minister is matter for national regret. In any remarks we shall make we wish to disclaim in the strongest manner any implied reflection on Lord Haldane, whom we view as a very able and honest Minister, and one whose sane and courageous attitude in the domain of our relations with Germany is a national asset of the highest value. Lord Loreburn was undoubtedly a pillar of character, and as such he was a factor whose value the Government should have been especially anxious to retain. In September, 1910, we wrote:—

There are two men in the Government who, in our opinion, demand unusual respect. We refer to Lord Loreburn and Mr. Burns. Here are men of powerful character.

* * * * *

Lord Loreburn has been the target for virulent howls from the Socialist mob who are the rag, tag, and bobtail of the once great Liberal party. His crime, as would be expected, is his honesty. He declines to appoint a street-corner politician to the Magisterial Bench, simply because his heroics are directed against the foundations of society.

We reproduce this passage because we believe it represents the truth. Lord Loreburn has not to reproach himself on the ground of appointments made by him to the judiciary of the country. We offer him our sympathy on the company which he has been keeping, and our congratulations on his emancipation from it.

Men's lives in this country are, it would appear, to be occupied in filling up Government forms, sticking stamps, and levying taxes, of which they disapprove, on their servants.

Freedom! which in no other land will thrive—
Freedom! an English subject's sole prerogative.

So wrote Dryden in the seventeenth century; a revised version is necessary to-day. The National Insurance Act is being administered in advance in a very irritating manner in relation to Friendly Societies. In addition to all the loss and vexation which the virtual suppression of at least the smaller societies is entailing, the Registry of Friendly Societies is demurring to accepting the decisions of the Associations to wind-up. After persons, who are qualified to judge, have decided that the Societies in which they are interested must cease to exist, and the necessary forms have been applied for, the Registry send out a manifolded circular inquiring whether applicants know their own minds and offering to supply a bundle of pamphlets on application. The members are informed that "there is no reason why any Society should be dissolved as a result of the National Insurance Act." Pious opinions of an official are added as to the really exalted position which Societies will occupy under the Act. We understand that the officials of the Registry have been told to mind their own business, and to forward forms when they are applied for without comment.

Before we have recovered from the surprises of the Futurists another division of the realms of art is announced—this time from Montmartre—under the title of the "Unicolourists." Its members have discovered that our art suffers from "too much colour," and, in order to present Nature as she is, they wear spectacles of a tint to suit their special mood. The altogether blue landscape (*pace* Whistler) does not make any violent appeal to us, and the yellow seascape might lead to rather distressing results when gazed upon for long by persons subject to emotional moments on a Channel crossing. About the only good point apparent in the whole melancholy business is the probability of a sharp increase in trade with the opticians.

We have received several numbers of the *Bookfellow*, a capital little Australasian monthly which specialises in reviewing. The issue for May, just to hand, has some exceptionally interesting articles, and a good discussion, evidently inspired by a capable brain, of "The Australian Stage and G. B. Shaw," in which we are informed that "Shaw is scattered on the sands of yesterday," and that "it is no longer a privilege to watch him foaming in Australia." "Your true satirist is good-natured," says the writer—hitting the bull's-eye at once—"and his laughter has a hearty echo that is not heard in Shaw's gallery of glittering sneers." Australia is moving in matters literary when she can produce a clever critical review such as the *Bookfellow*; we congratulate the unknown editor on his contributors and his general scheme, and wish him well.

The Saint of Misrule

MR. MCKENNA has not played many parts, but his record is uniform. At the Admiralty he was not devoid of ideas, he worked well for the Navy, and not without a measure of success. Unfortunately—a good enough Minister for humdrum times—he was in the main a failure, because he could not respond to critical necessities, he had not the compelling force which meets and defeats crisis.

Mr. McKenna's predecessor at the Home Office, a man of a wholly different mould of character, was lamentably abortive because the position did not give him the opportunity of exercising his compelling powers until quite the end of his régime. Moved to the Admiralty, Mr. Churchill bids fair to prove a Minister of authority who will not only realise the necessities of the hour, but will also wield the authority, and exhibit the strength and dominating influence which will impel the Government and the nation to adopt the measures which the situation demands.

Mr. McKenna, transferred from a position which called for powers which he did not possess, has been installed in an office less suited perhaps to his temperament than the Admiralty.

The stern and rigid administration of the law at a time when elements of disorder are apparent on all hands is eminently distasteful to him. The pupil—we had almost written puppet—of Mr. Lloyd George in Mr. Asquith's absence, he has with Mr. Asquith's return been led to a clearer view of his duty as the Minister responsible for the maintenance of law and order. That he will ever act with the vigour and decision which the occasion demands, is to expect him to belie his whole past.

No doubt the accession to the Cabinet of Sir Rufus Isaacs tends distinctly to an abatement of the inertia which would always be antecedently probable in a man of the Home Secretary's views and predilections. We have hope that a mind open to and unable to resist pressure will, under the influence of the Prime Minister and the Attorney-General, be brought to realise the fundamental duties of his office. Should Mr. McKenna still be incapable of understanding the action which is urgently necessary in the circumstances of the hour and the day, the demand will be irresistible that a Minister—whose views are those of a Lord of Misrule—shall be replaced by a man of other attributes.

We have repeatedly since the Coal Strike expressed the opinion that the Strike as a weapon of the worker had received deadly hurt, and the sway of the Syndicalist would no longer continue unquestioned. If we were justified in that opinion, as accumulating evidence appears to prove, firmness on the part of the Government in the defence of freedom of labour is more than ever imperative.

A large minority—or it may be a majority—of workers—both Union and non-union—have too long been slaves to menace. They are rebelling, and it is the office of the Government—if it claims to be a Government—to give

these workers every protection and support in the healthy attitude which they desire to adopt.

It is at a juncture such as this that the Home Secretary exerts all his powers to bring processes of law into disrepute. Lenient sentences are reduced with unctuous piety to absurdities. The worker who demands, as is his right, protection from molestation, and the employer who demands, as is his right, to continue his enterprise in accordance with existing agreements, are warned that protection can only be given in cases which, in Mr. McKenna's opinion, are free from the element of provocation. Who endowed Mr. McKenna with a dispensing power, and whence did he derive adequate intelligence to exercise such a power? There is one primary duty of a Government which admits of no qualification—it is to maintain liberty and freedom, even if hireling followers lose their job.

The Home Secretary will, as we go to publication, be in the act of making such defence as his conduct admits of, and it is not worth while to run into more space in criticising his administration of his office.

The pronounced disinclination which is being exhibited by labour to obey the rescripts of interested and ignorant leaders whose personal toil is as negligible as their vanity is colossal, is evidence that a glimmering of the truth is at last enlightening the working-classes. There are some men who advise the worker—as distinguished from the shirker—who may lay claim to balanced judgment. Mr. Philip Snowden is such a man, and it is very gratifying to us to find that, approaching the difficulties which exist from a standpoint diametrically opposite to our own, he arrives at the same conclusion. Mr. Snowden writes: "The strike gets less public sympathy to-day than formerly, because of the general feeling that disputes ought to be settled by conciliation and arbitration." We entirely concur, and what is of immediate importance is that open-air meetings of miners in the Barnsley district have been in unmistakable concord with the sentiment.

The reply of the Syndicalist has been that the case against the strike has been presented unfairly and from the employers' point of view. The miners we have referred to need not have cheered if they had thought so, the workers in many parts of the country who are resisting the blandishments of Tower Hill Catilines of a vulgar breed need not have adopted that attitude, Mr. Snowden need not have written:—

From one point of view it is very extraordinary that in this dock strike it is the men who are demanding the setting up of machinery for settling labour disputes without strikes. This is a curious outcome of Syndicalism. Last year the policy was to use the strike and to reject conciliation. It has taken but a very short experience of that policy to convince the saner workmen of its folly and futility. The utter failure of the strike to gain any substantial benefits for the wage-earners has been amply demonstrated by every one of the disputes of the last twelve months. The present strike in the transport trade is caused by the fact that the gains which were sup-

posed to have been secured by the strike of last July have proved illusory.

The truth is that after a long period of discord between capital and labour there are signs that concord is approaching. What is to the detriment of all, and the advantage of none—except professional agitators—cannot for long beguile a people endowed with common-sense. Matters will mend, if the Government repress, as is their duty, the disorderly elements which are to be found in every community.

CECIL COWPER.

Maurice Maeterlinck—I

By FRANK HARRIS.

THERE is nothing very new to be said of Maurice Maeterlinck's work. While still a young man he had won place as an European celebrity. Plays like the "Princesse Maleine" and "Pelléas et Mélisande" were known at once and appreciated by the dozen or so lettered readers who are to be found in every capital. And the judgment of these refined jurors is very like the judgment of posterity in sympathetic comprehension.

In spite of these early successes Maeterlinck has gone on working, and in "La Vie des Abeilles" and "Le Trésor des Humbles," in "Monna Vanna," and "La Magdalena" he has given record of the various stages of his soul's growth. Since the death of Tolstoi he is incomparably the most interesting figure in modern Europe. Yet when one surveys the whole of his work one is tempted to doubt whether he will excite as much interest twenty years hence. His most characteristic and perhaps his best works so far are "La Vie des Abeilles," "Le Trésor des Humbles," and the play "La Magdalena." Is there in them that fount of new truth or rare beauty which ensures perdurable renown?

The boundaries of art are continually being extended and new fields added to her wide domain: Rousseau and Byron made descriptions of natural beauty a part of literature and in our time the rights of citizenship, so to speak, have been conferred on the so-called lower animals. Fabre in France and Kipling in England have dramatised for us the tragedies of speechless suffering.

This growth of sympathy and appreciation has its own peculiar charm, which is heightened by the novelty of the appeal: but I do not feel sure that the work done in these outlying new fields is as valuable and enduring as work done in the centre. The one subject for the artist which can never grow old, or fall out of fashion or lose its pristine and permanent interest for us all is man. Whatever has to do with humanity is of palmary importance: the heart does not alter or change: it is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Paint a picture of a girl's love better than the Antigone, call her Francesca and confine her in Hell, or Gretchen and condemn her to madness and prison, still the picture will delight everyone age after age, and confer immortality on its author. Would one say as much of a scene which describes the loves or

fears or hatreds of one of the lower animals? I do not think so.

There are superb qualities in the "Life of the Bees" of Maeterlinck; chapters in which he shows himself a great naturalist; others, like "Le Vol Nuptial," in which he unfolds all his poetic gift; but one never thinks of re-reading the book, and as soon as it is read it begins to fade out of memory. It is a charming and informative book which we are delighted to have read; but there is nothing of permanent interest in it, no pages to which we can return again and again with vivid feeling as we return to the loves of Francesca and of Gretchen.

"Le Trésor des Humbles" gives us the measure of the writer. In his earliest dramas, in "La Princesse Maleine," as in "Pelléas et Mélisande," Maeterlinck won our hearts by a certain mysticism, a northern atmosphere, so to speak, of mist which lent a vague symbolism and spirituality to his personages while clothing his immaterial imaginings with the majesty of purple shadows.

In these days of logical and clear materialism when even a poet like Matthew Arnold could write "miracles do not happen," though it would be far truer and more scientifically exact to say that the life of man is one long miracle, Maeterlinck's early dramas came with something of the force of a revelation. Somehow or other he had managed to drape his slight and insubstantial figures with the magic of the Beyond, the wonder of the Unknown, and all hearts beat high with the hope that at length a Prophet-seer had come who might give us a new interpretation of the Divine.

"La Vie des Abeilles" brought us from the tiptoe of expectance to a more reasonable attitude, and "Monna Vanna" and the translation of "Macbeth" keyed our hope still lower; but at length in "Le Trésor des Humbles" Maeterlinck returned to his early inspiration, and in a series of essays gave a reasoned explanation of the faith that is in him. His first essay consisted of an elaboration of what Carlyle and Emerson have said about "Silence" with a slight though characteristic addition: "Without silence," Maeterlinck says, "love itself would have neither savour nor perfume of eternity. We have all known those sacred moments when lips separate and souls draw together without words: we should seek them ceaselessly. (*Il faut les rechercher sans cesse.*) There is no silence so docile as this silence of love, and in truth it is the only silence which belongs to us mortals. The other great silences of death and dolour and destiny are not under our control. . . ."

The greater part of this "Treasury of the Humble" is made up of essays on some of the great mystics, on Ruysbroeck, on Moralis, on Emerson. I should like to be able to say that Maeterlinck had added something to this Temple not made with hands; but I have not found a single addition, nor even an explanation of any obscure statement. Maeterlinck is content simply to restate this or that thought which has pleased him and so to furnish himself with a suit of clothes, so to speak, pieced together from various royal wardrobes. It is true he does realise that the soul has a speech of its

own; but he calls this speech silence; whereas silence is only a condition, and not even a necessary condition, of its audibility. But just because he feels this elementary truth his language now and then assumes a peculiar pathos and wins a new spiritual significance. He tells us that "the souls of all our brethren are perpetually following us about mutely imploring from us some sign of recognition, some kiss of sympathy. But most of us never dare to reply to the beseeching invocation. It is the misfortune of our existence that we thus live separated from our souls and fearful or ashamed of their tremulous noble desires." But how different this tentative statement is from the language of the true seers, how different and how inferior; how pale and weak and hesitating. Maeterlinck is certain that "the writings of the mystics contain some of the purest and most brilliant gems in the treasure-house of humanity," but he has not added to the store: he is a Moses, so to speak, to whom it has not been given to enter the Promised Land. He can only survey it from afar, and his account of it is of hearsay and not of direct vision; it is that of a stranger, and not that of one of God's spies.

But perhaps in suggesting this qualification we are asking too much of the artist: it is certain that Maeterlinck is at his best when creating and not criticising or reporting. His play of the "Magdalene" touches a higher note than he has reached in any essay. The story as he tells it is of the simplest. The Magdalene is pursued by a Roman general who proposes to her the usual bargain of the French stage: "If you will give yourself to me," he says roundly, "your prophet shall be set at liberty." The woman hesitates for a while; but at length tells her unfortunate suitor that what he suggests is out of the question. "It is the Prophet himself," she declares, "who has made all such bargains forever impossible and shameful." By virtue of this one word, as beautiful as it is profoundly true, the "Magdalene" of Maeterlinck lifts herself into the serener air and wins enduring importance.

With the exception of recent photographs, Maeterlinck can best be seen, I think, in that caricature by Max Beerbohm which appeared some years ago, if I am not mistaken, in *Vanity Fair*. Everyone knows the presentment of the big stout man in Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers and gaiters, with a lighted cigar in his hand and an air of infantile astonishment on the chubby face with the embryonic moustache and bulging forehead. There is something ineffective, lumbering, in the expression, and a something truculent as well, and this truculence is rendered subtly enough by the left hand thrust deep in the pocket of the knickers, and by the heavy thumb which holds aloft the lighted cigar.

Maeterlinck's writings do not prepare one for fumbling ineffectiveness, and still less for truculence: the tone of them is uniformly persuasive, ingratiating, poetic, so much so indeed that when you meet the man, you are apt to be a little surprised by his self-assured manner, which is prone to become a trifle aggressive. In my next essay I shall tell of my meetings with Maeterlinck and try to render the impression his personality made upon me.

Statistical Monographs

THE lot of the candidate for parliamentary honours is not a very happy one in these days of universal education, when the masses now possess a working knowledge of political questions unheard of a generation ago. The range of subjects which come under the candidate's purview has enormously extended. The vast increase in social legislation, inaugurated by Mr. Lloyd George, brought forward without adequate consideration or examination, and passed through Parliament almost before the country has had time to grasp what the change will mean, has rendered it absolutely essential that the politician and public speaker should be able to meet the numerous fallacies of these social reformers and millennium miracle workers with facts and statistics which prove conclusively the instability of the foundation on which the vast majority of the present Government's legislation rests. Such facts and figures are rendered absolutely essential to the Conservative candidate and member or public speaker if he is going to make any headway at all against the false statistics and ill-drawn facts which fill the armoury of almost every speaker on Liberal or Socialist platforms. A great many candidates have been placed in very awkward positions at the end of a meeting when they found themselves faced by a multitude of questions, quite simple to answer in themselves, if only they had had it in their power to lay their hands on the required information.

It surpasses the powers of mind of any individual, however brilliant, to carry in his head the figures dealing with every single question which crops up at a general election. Yet that is what is expected of the unfortunate candidate who finds himself confronted by lines of eager people, all of whom have been devoting the laborious study of months to making themselves experts in some particular line. Thus the candidate is supposed to have expert knowledge of every subject which each Socialist agitator or Radical questioner has been making a special study of, and unless he is ready to give the right answer, or to turn the issue by some sleight of intellect, the laugh is sure to be against him, and a voice is sure to say, "Why do you come 'ere if you don't know anything about it?"

It is to supply the candidate with a digest of information on all important political topics of the day that these statistical monographs have been called into existence. They have hitherto been issued under the direction of Mr. W. H. Mallock from the offices of the London Municipal Society, after a scheme for supplying them had been inaugurated at a meeting at Lansdowne House in April, 1911; but in future they will be issued under the same direction from the offices of the Liberty and Property Defence League, 25, Victoria Street, Westminster.

The importance of the work which Mr. Mallock has undertaken cannot be over-estimated. As he himself so truly writes in a short memorandum on the subject,

"The railway strike of the last, and the coal strike of the present year have shown with unparalleled clearness the importance of attacking the evils of the Socialist agitation at their source. If one fact has recently been made more clear than another, it is that the work of this agitation is mainly carried on by the use of false statistics with regard to the amount of wealth produced and producible in this country, and the manner in which it is at present distributed. By such means masses of the industrial population are inflamed with impossible hopes and exasperated by artificial resentments, and the only effective method of counteracting such results as these is that of meeting the fallacies of the agitators with true facts and figures, given in detail, and properly authenticated by official and other equally unimpeachable evidence." Mr. Mallock and his associates are doing a great work in supplying the public speaker with the information which is so essential to him. It is obviously quite impossible for every individual to work up these figures for himself. The result would be chaos, and each would in all probability arrive at an opposite conclusion. The spade work in preparing figures for use on the platform can only be done by trained analytical minds, but the result is a priceless mine of information from which the rough ore has been taken and only the gold allowed to remain.

We would like to say a word on the manner in which the work is being carried out. Each monograph deals with a separate subject, embodying in a form for immediate use digested information with regard to it, accompanied by references to authorities and clear explanations of the manner in which the general results are reached. The monographs are all inter-related, and will be accompanied by analytical catalogues and indexes. Already twenty-one have been issued, and many others will be shortly ready for distribution.

The monographs are not on sale to the public, but are supplied privately to annual subscribers as issued. The annual subscription for one set of copies is one guinea. For a subscription of five guineas, ten complete sets of copies can be supplied. Additional sets can be obtained at the same rate. By the end of the current year the series will probably comprise from thirty to forty monographs. This is a remarkable piece of work when one considers the immense, almost incalculable, amount of material which had to be examined and sifted by the compilers. All communications and subscriptions should be addressed to Mr. Frederick Millar, Liberty and Property Defence League, 25, Victoria Street, Westminster.

The Central Conservative Association has undertaken to supply copies to all their agents and local offices.

We would strongly advise every Conservative politician and public speaker to become an annual subscriber, and to study carefully each monograph as he requires it for immediate use. In one short hour of concentrated reading is found an able digest of the labour of months of patient research and skilled analysis.

REVIEWS

Two Poets and an Age Between

The Poems of John Cleveland. Annotated and correctly printed for the first time with Biographical and Historical Introductions by JOHN M. BERDAN, Ph.D. (Henry Frowde. 5s. 6d. net.)

Prospero, and Other Poems. By WILLIAM GERARD. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT will probably come as something of a surprise to the majority of unsophisticated persons who pretend to an interest in the Muse that a certain John Cleveland, a contemporary of Milton, was in his own time hailed as "this eminent poet, the wit of our age." We remember, of course, that the same age lauded Waller to the derogation of Shakespeare, and are tempted to an amused reverie at the vagaries of criticism. At all events, we can admire the industry evidenced in Mr. Berdan's resurrection, which, as a thesis for a doctorate, is a very thorough-going and creditable piece of work. But most of us, in this present age, when every other man we meet has his own little Parnassus in the back garden, have little time for or interest in revivals. Milton, of course, we know, Herrick we have dallied with, and, if we can claim acquaintance with Donne, we begin to feel quite flatteringly erudite. Yet for the student this almost forgotten poet can plead his importance. He moulded the style of the immortal author of "Hudibras," he has pretensions to being the father of the English satirists, he was the inventor of a stanza since graced by Scott and by Swinburne, and he certainly set a fashion in his own day. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.* It is of interest, also, to the general dabbler in literature that Cleveland vied with Milton in an elegy to the drowned Edward King, whose immortality, however, is like to rest on Milton's poem alone.

But when we read him as we would a poet of our own day, Cleveland's notes come strangely, and we often feel the incipient yawn. Indeed, as Mr. Berdan naively remarks, "We of this age applaud what were the failures of his time." This is not difficult to understand, after all, for Cleveland attained his popularity through his political verse, and not only has political verse gone out of fashion, but its interest is necessarily ephemeral. The scintillating wit that was so acclaimed by Cleveland's contemporaries no longer flashes for us, and the biting satire has lost its keen tang of personal interest. Cleveland was the last of the curiously termed "metaphysical" school. He delighted to crowd his verses with metaphors, daring conceits, and plays upon words, and this gives the impression of artificiality to modern minds. Furthermore, his verses were in no way remarkable for their thought. Mr. Berdan gives as one of his poet's prime characteristics "the ability to speak gracefully when there was nothing to be said," and estimates him as one who had the faculty for giving "brilliant expression to common convictions." Both these qualities, of course, are quite admirable for the production of pleasing exercises, but they scarcely contain the germ

of immortality. Of all this laboriously compiled volume there are perhaps but two poems, or three at most, which on the score of poetic merit we should feel justified in conserving. "Fuscara, or the Bee Errant," is a pretty example of the high-flown amorous verse of the period. "To the State of Love" is similar, and has some whimsical conceits; while "Mark Antony" deserves to survive for its pleasing measure:—

When as the nightingale chanted her vespers
And the wild forester couched on the ground,
Venus invited me in th' evening whispers
Unto a fragrant field with roses crowned,
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement;
Unto my heart's content
Played with me on the green.
Never Mark Antony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

To the scholars we will willingly leave the rest—even to the pretentious genealogical tree which figures as an appendix.

Mr. William Gerard's will not be a new name to some, for this is by no means his first volume. Modest and somewhat old-fashioned in *format* (it recalls some of the earlier editions of Tennyson), it yet has substance that should be grateful to those who like the serious vein, and do not ask for mere *bagatelles* that can be absorbed, so to speak, at a genteel sip. For Mr. Gerard cannot be taken otherwise than at your leisure. If we sought a modern contrast to the seventeenth century "metaphysical" trifler, we could not well hit on a better than he. Mr. Gerard has evidently graduated in the school of Browning, but his lines are more closely interwoven with image and fancy, and he has a distinct quality of his own. His spirit is scarcely that of the traditional "minor" poet; he does not hesitate to attack great themes seriously and with breadth of view. Thus, in "The Poet and the Rose," the most considerable poem in the book, he takes the rose as symbol of the universe, the sum and centre of human questioning, the node where all men's aspirations, yearnings, quests of the infinite beauty, infinite truth, infinite power, meet. The artist, the saint, the "bludgeon-man," the dreamer, the poet—each in his own way is the slave of the rose, drawing from its core at once his dream and his assurance. "Prospero" may be taken as an address to the poetic imagination which on the dull foundation of the world of sense rears the ethereal structure of the spirit.

Mr. Gerard is never trivial, never banal; his verse is dignified and its quality sustained. He sometimes puts a severe tax on attention, however, for he has patent faults. Apparently swept away by impetuous fancy and branching thought, his sentences are apt to become unwieldy and over-weighted with parentheses. To give an extreme instance, on pages 44 to 47 we have 32 breathless lines without a full stop, while on page 9 is a passage so involved that after a score of trials we have been compelled to give it up in despair. A special reading course of Browning's "Sordello" and the later

writings of Mr. Henry James would doubtless help to unlock these. In sober truth, we could almost have imagined in one or two places that the author of "The Golden Bowl" himself had, in some super-Jamesian moment, "dropped into poetry." At the same time there are passages of arresting beauty. Here are a few, almost at random:—

So Merlin-wise thou breathest, as if now
This were thy semblance, and in absence thou,
Summon'd to sweeter sessions, scarce did'st keep
The spell just trembling on the lips of sleep.

(A Shakespearean suggestion in it, truly, but a charming variation.)

. . . the eyes
Widening to drear conception of their gaze,

. . . mere effect,
Set like a flush upon the cheek of thought,
Making it visible.

Popular Mr. Gerard can scarcely be, but he should certainly meet with the modest satisfaction which he craves in his graceful "Envoi," which itself, unlike many of its kind, is worth quotation:—

Verses! ere the light wind takes you
In lone ways,
Thus in ancient style your maker
Speeding, prays;
Not for readers
Be vain pleaders
In these days!
Seek, but only seek one other,
Since for him whose hand a brother
Clasps always,
In the million'd flux and reflux
Something stays!

We think the "one other" is assured, and we should not be surprised if he were multiplied far beyond the poet's prayer.

A Treasure-Seeker in the Far East

Ruins of Desert Cathay: Personal Narrative of Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China. By M. AUREL STEIN. Two Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 42s. net.)

THOSE who have read Dr. M. Aurel Stein's "Sand-buried Ruins of Khotan" and "Ancient Khotan" will realise that the author united antiquarian research with the spirit of adventure; and never has he done so to better advantage than in his latest work, "Ruins of Desert Cathay." These two superb volumes, with their coloured plates, reproductions of numerous photographs, folding panoramic views, and maps, present a record of travel and exploration that is likely to become a classic. Dr. Stein is very far from being a dry-as-dust. His enthusiasm, his indefatigable labour, his keen reverence for the mystery and glamour of the East, all contribute

to the fascination of these pages. Treasure-seekers always make a universal appeal, and their spell is supreme when they dig into the remote past and reveal something of the wisdom and beauty of a long-decayed civilisation. Dr. Stein's work is full of romance. It has the personal charm of Marco Polo's travels combined with the latest resources of antiquarian research. It is no exaggeration to say that each reader who is interested in the subject becomes, as it were, a member of Dr. Stein's party. He feels something of the peril of crossing great snow-clad mountains and marching across the mighty desert, and feels, too, a thrill of pleasure when in an old temple the curtain of the past is raised, and in art, manuscript, or tablet he gains a fresh insight into the ancient manners and customs of the East.

At the Niya site ruins Dr. Stein made some interesting discoveries, including representations of Eros and Hermes. He writes: "To be greeted once more at these desolate ruins in the desert by tangible links with the art of Greece and Rome seemed to efface all distance in time and space." He also found wooden slips bearing exquisitely written Chinese characters. "On one side of the slip the donor inscribed his name and the mention of his present and good wishes; on the other, the name or title of the recipient is indicated. In one case it is the mother of the king who presents her gift and salutations to her son; in another, the wife of the hereditary prince sends them to one of the king's wives, etc." In an enclosure an ancient heap of corn was discovered, with its sheaves in perfect preservation, and close by two mice overtaken by death in the very act of nibbling the grain. Concerning this great expanse of yellow dunes, marked with the posts of houses and ancient trees, Dr. Stein writes: "The feeling of being in an open sea was ever present, and more than once these remains, seen from a distance, curiously suggested the picture of a wreck reduced to the mere ribs of its timber. There was the fresh breeze, too, and the great silence of the ocean." And yet from these dismal and apparently profitless ruins Dr. Stein discovered many beautiful carvings and a hidden archive of deeds and leases in reference to the houses, gardens, and orchards that once made gay the now barren sand.

By the desolate shores of Lop-nor, among the ancient temples of Miram, Dr. Stein found a remarkably fine fresco of angels. He writes: "It was thus that I came to note down also a little find of quasi-pathetic interest, the discovery at the foot of one of the larger fresco pieces of the feathers and bones of a pigeon, together with the remains of a nest. The bird must evidently have been killed by the collapse of the higher wall portion in which it had built its nest, and the fresco pieces found near it had probably adjoined the vaulting. By a strange irony of fate the poor bird, destined to become an archæological witness, had found its last resting-place under the bust of a Buddha figure holding up his hand in the gesture which Buddhist iconography knows as that of 'protection.'" Other frescoes illustrate the life and teaching of the Lord Buddha. Some of the figures, however, are very far from suggesting the

austerities of religion; they reflect, rather, the pleasure of life—wine, flowers, love—presented in exquisite line and colour—gay faces that smile down upon the ruins and the great stretch of sand. The religion of the Buddhists and Egyptians is sombre, but both have on certain occasions swept their gods aside and made life a festal procession, and these wonderful frescoes illustrate the shout and triumph of life in sharp contrast to the meditations of Buddhist saints.

The most interesting chapters in this book are those dealing with the "Caves of the Thousand Buddhas." Wang Tao-shih, a Taoist priest, guarded these sacred shrines. In his way he loved his abode, patiently collected money from his followers, and spent it in restoring some of the shrines. It was rumoured that these caves contained precious manuscripts, and Dr. Stein and his excellent Chinese secretary, Chiang, were determined to investigate the matter. Their elaborate plans make entertaining reading. On the one side the genial, ignorant, and suspicious priest, and on the other the author and Chiang. The hidden archive was eventually discovered, but for the time being Dr. Stein considered it advisable to make investigations elsewhere. On his return to the caves, however, he found that the recess containing the sacred relics, originally guarded by a locked wooden door, "was completely walled up with brickwork." A less indefatigable traveller might at this point have become discouraged and abandoned further negotiations; but the author of the book seems to have taken a keener delight in the whole business with the increase of difficulties. By a curious coincidence he discovered in one of these ancient caves pictures illustrating the travel and legend of his patron saint, Hsüan-tsang, described as "a sort of saintly Munchausen." The holy pilgrim was portrayed as being snatched up into the clouds by a demon, and restored to his companions by prayer and magic. He was also shown compelling a fierce dragon, which had swallowed his horse, to restore it again. No wonder Hsüan-tsang was Dr. Stein's patron saint, for more than once the author crossed his track, and there was much in common between the two men. The most interesting picture of this Chinese pilgrim represented him standing on the bank of a torrent, with his steed heavily laden with bundles of manuscripts, and a large turtle swimming towards the saint in order to help him carry over his precious burden. Dr. Stein lost no time in pointing out this picture to the wily priest. The author writes: "Here was clearly a reference to the twenty-pony-loads of sacred books and relics which the historical traveller managed to carry away safely from India. But would the pious guardian read this obvious lesson aright, and be willing to acquire spiritual merit by letting me take to the old home of Buddhism some of the manuscripts which chance had placed in his keeping?"

At length, however, the priest, no doubt influenced by the saintly Hsüan-tsang, yielded to Dr. Stein's persuasion, and the hidden chapel was opened. It revealed a wealth of rolls containing portions of canonical Buddhist texts, and those known as the Tanjur and Kanjur, a Sanskrit manuscript on palm leaves, etc. In

addition, there were many silk banners representing Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, and scenes from Buddhist legend. Many of these sacred manuscripts and banners are now in the British Museum, and some time must necessarily elapse before their full value and significance are ascertained. One of the banners, reproduced in Plate VI, is of special interest, and is thus described by Dr. Stein: "In the upper panel we have a representation of the dream of Queen Maya, Buddha's mother, which figures in the legend concerning her conception. Below we see the queen being carried in a litter to the Lumbini garden, where her son's birth was destined to take place. . . . Next follows the scene of Prince Gautama's miraculous birth from the side of his mother. . . . At the foot of the banner we see the miracle of Gautama's first steps towards his mother, with lotuses springing up to mark the spots which the child's feet have touched." Plate VIII is a reproduction of a large Buddhist painting on silk. We notice that two of the Bodhisattvas have zig-zag halos in red, brown, blue, black, and yellow. Is this not a very rare and curious form of nimbus? It suggests the extraordinary aura described by Mr. Leadbeter, and we trust that later on we shall obtain information in regard to these emanations, which, no doubt, have a symbolic meaning.

We would fain linger over these rescued treasures, but sufficient has been said to indicate the aim and scope of this fascinating book. Marco Polo wrote, in describing the great "Desert of Lop": "There is a marvellous thing related of this desert, which is that, when travellers are on the move by night, and one of them chances to lag behind or to fall asleep or the like, when he tries to gain his company again he will hear spirits talking. . . . Even in the daytime one hears those spirits talking. And sometimes you shall hear the sound of musical instruments, and still more commonly the sound of drums." This is not a mere traveller's tale, for verily the ghosts of the past linger over their buried civilisations, and in "Ruins of Desert Cathay" Dr. Stein has revealed a strain or two of that old and haunting music of the East.

Borrow

The Life of George Borrow. By HERBERT JENKINS. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure, and twelve other Illustrations. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. HERBERT JENKINS is, as custom demands, very courteous in his references to Dr Knapp's large biography of Borrow, which till now has been the authority on the subject; but since we may use a candour that is not apparently permitted to him, we might just as well say in the forefront of this review that the best justification for his book is the hopeless inadequacy of the earlier work. Mr. Jenkins properly states with some pride that his book has gained by a great deal of information that did not lie to Dr. Knapp's hand. His book, we are proudly told, is "based upon new information not accessible elsewhere," and it is not difficult to divine what that new information is; but he could not say, and

we therefore say it for him, that the good Dr. Knapp's book is an impossible one. Like other biographers who have been anxious to miss nothing, the latter missed everything. Borrow is there, truly enough; but he has to be dug for, and it is not desirable that readers should be excavators.

There are several quite noteworthy and magnificent biographies in the English language, of a literary merit far greater than Dr. Knapp's, that have failed for no less a reason; and where their authors have failed it was not to be expected that the doctor would succeed. Consequently Mr. Jenkins's biography comes to fill a need. Having before him the example of his predecessor, he is careful to avoid some of his more pernicious failures. For instance, the present book, while quite bulky, is within reasonable length, although Mr. Jenkins does not avoid the occasions, by the way, that call for elucidation. In style, too, it is simple and direct, though, perhaps, that style is neither supple nor subtle enough to carry off one or two of his attempts at flippancy. All the requisite information is there, and yet it never appears as either an unwieldy and undigested mass or as a difficult labyrinth. In all these features, so necessary to biographical work, Mr. Jenkins's book stands out in marked contrast to Dr. Knapp's; and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that, within its limits, it takes a place that will not be easily challenged—not because it is "based on information that is not accessible elsewhere," but because it uses its information, both old and new, in a simpler, more orderly, and less superfluous way.

Indeed, it is this very completeness that suggests the natural criticism of it. The story being conveyed through its course well and succinctly, one realises the natural deficiencies of the method. It is the English method of biography, and Mr. Jenkins has followed the tradition observed by his predecessors, whether well or ill. It is an opinion that is growing, possibly; nevertheless, growing or not growing, we venture to aver that the usual method of biography is not at all a desirable one. Biography, one would imagine, had one aim, and one aim only, that being the realisation of its subject and its revelation in act, word, and thought. The setting out of the orderly course of a man's life, with deftly chosen excerpts from his letters and conversations, may create that revelation, or it may not. It goes without saying that it has its place; but the important matter is that that place, in what we judge to be the true order of things, is subsequent and explanatory; instead of which, in many of the most famous and extolled examples of biographical work in English literature, it is the be-all and the end-all. It would be as well, perhaps, to choose an example, and the better if that example were a difficult one. For instance, one of the most extolled pieces of recent biographical work is Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone." So praised is it, so assured of its inevitable place in the scanty shelf of great biography, that it seems almost a sacrilege to criticise it. Yet what are the facts? Gladstone, we know, was a man, keen, eager, impetuous, furious to his end and quick in his aim, not a little

impatient, and angry most at Disraeli because of the Oriental marmoreal pose that so baffled him; so full of energy that nearly to the end of his days he ran up the Duke of York's steps three at a time because he had not the patience for two at a time. In contradistinction to this, Lord Morley's book is stately, dignified, and almost impassive in its greatness. The question is, how can one be expressive of the other? How can one portray and reveal the other? It gives the sequence of events, truly enough; but does it in any way convince us of truth in the sense of showing us the man as he lived, loved, and laboured?

Now it is in this sense that we feel that Mr. Jenkins's book is often inadequate. On its own grounds—that is to say, in the traditional English method of giving us the chronological sequence of events, and leaving it to suggest the man who passed through it—it is sometimes, though very rarely, at fault. For instance, in Chapters IV and V event does not always link up with event, and consequently the mind is seeking to fill up a sequence that is neither stated nor hinted. It is true that in these chapters Mr. Jenkins is dealing with the most difficult period of Borrow's life—the period in which we are most dependent on his own well-coloured account as given in his books, and scraps of stray information that come to hand from those he met. Nevertheless, the straightforward account should be completed one way or another, if only by frankly stating precisely where the various gaps occur. Outside this period, however, no such gaps occur (or, at least, none have impressed themselves on us), and the sequence is complete. But we desire more than the sequence; we wish the man. Nor are we content with finding him; he should rise out in such relief from the canvas that we expect him the next instant to step forward and converse with us without the least shock. Borrow once lived, Falstaff never did; and yet we should be a great deal less surprised at meeting Falstaff than Borrow. Or rather—and this is the better test—we should know Falstaff; we should know what subjects to speak on, and what to avoid; but we should not feel so intimate with Borrow.

It is admittedly a great thing to ask, but the point is that it is the important thing. One is reminded of it in the present book in a somewhat curious way. Borrow was—in the Irish, not the English, sense—a humbug. He very frequently overreached himself; but he certainly always overreached the worthy and Reverend Mr. Brandam. It may be said, too, that he very frequently overreaches Mr. Jenkins. When first he took up work for the Bible Society, his friends in Norfolk were frankly puzzled by it: if they could have read his exceedingly pious letters to the officials, they would have been even more puzzled. The Rev. Mr. Brandam, it need scarcely be said, was highly satisfied: it took a good many years of the unction of this exceedingly zealous servant of theirs to stir dissatisfaction in his mind. There are few comedies like the letters that passed between them. If Mr. Brandam writes complaining of some defect, or demurring at some expense, he at once gets a long letter in reply, giving a perfectly

bewildering account of activity, a recital of zeal couched in such heavy unction, the like of which was never seen, till it could be scarcely wondered at that the society was convinced that it was happy indeed in the possession of such a man. Not that Borrow's account was ever actually inaccurate. We have said that we used the word humbug in the Irish sense. Borrow was not a fraud, but he was sublime. His letters from Russia and his letters from Spain, that Mr. Jenkins is a little too apt to take at their face value, are masterpieces. To use another expressive Irish word, Borrow was a play-boy. No doubt, when he said that he went out to slay giants, he did go forth so, and he did slay them so; but a man with a lesser imagination would not have seen the occasion so richly coloured—and, incidentally, would not have got half the fun out of life that Borrow did. Certainly he would not have had a pen of a glow and power sufficient to convince a sober set of clergymen sitting in London of the truth of his heroic history, and its identity with himself. The humour of it all is intense, and the fact that Borrow was a preternaturally grave man makes the humour all the more intense.

Now it is just this Borrow (or, if Mr. Jenkins does not like this picture of him, his own and different picture) that we would like to see thrust out from this book, till it was almost free of it and disengaged from it. That we take to be true biography. If the above conception be the true one, as we feel convinced it is, then the traditional way of writing biography leads its disciple into some rather tortuous ways. Borrow's letters being the basis of such a biography must be taken at their face value, and Mr. Jenkins must appear as though he were almost as credulous as Mr. Brandam, whereas we are quite sure that he is not. The method, we are quite convinced, is a bad one; but it is the traditional one. And it is because the present work is so complete and thorough in this method that we have been enabled to criticise it on the further grounds of creation and portraiture. The author naturally, for the same reason, avoids much criticism of Borrow's books, contenting himself for the most part with quoting from them and using them. He takes Borrow from his birth in East Anglia, and takes him back to his closing days in East Anglia, sweeping up, in the course between, a life, surely, as adventurous as that lived by most of the sons of men—and deliberately adventurous, too, in a way that was fitting with a man of his imagination. Nothing is missed. On these lines, the book is complete, and must take its rank as the authoritative biography.

Caste and Hinduism

An Essay on Hinduism, its Formation and Future. Illustrating the Laws of Social Evolution as Reflected in the History of the Formation of Hindu Community. ("History of Caste in India," Vol. II.) By SHRIDHAR V. KETKAR, M.A., Ph.D. (Luzac and Co. 5s. net.)

THIS is the second volume of Dr. Ketkar's "History of Caste in India." The first appeared in 1909. Both deal with difficult portions of the same subject, and it

is impossible in the limitations of space to mention more than some main points. Dr. Ketkar has spent several years in America, graduated as a Doctor of Philosophy, in sociology, politics, and political economy, and was President of the Society of Comparative Theology and Philosophy at Cornell University. He appears to have read everything bearing on his subject; and, though his views may not always be acceptable, specialists alone will be able to confute and correct them. These books are serious works, not to be approached except in the spirit of a philosophic student.

Hinduism cannot be considered without reference to the caste system, one of its main features. Many learned persons have written on caste, with the result of leaving the ordinary reader more bewildered than ever. It has been described recently in "Peoples and Problems of India" as a system by which the accident of birth determines once for all the whole course of a man's social and domestic relations: throughout life he must eat, drink, dress, marry, and give in marriage in accordance with the usages of the community in which he is born. For the "origin of caste" various theories have been propounded, such as hereditary occupations, or community of occupations combined with Brahmanism, or the extension of the ancient Aryan family system, or the colour element and racial antagonism apparent in the ancient system of classes according to Manu. Then comes Dr. Ketkar, with his pronouncement that "origin of caste" is a meaningless phrase, though origins may be admitted, because each of the component phenomena can have an origin.

He defines a caste as a social group having two characteristics—firstly, membership is confined to those who are born of members, and includes all persons so born; secondly, the members are forbidden by an inexorable social law to marry outside the group. Each one of such groups has a special name. He states that, according to Manu, there were four original *varnas*, meaning the four divisions or classes into which the numerous castes are grouped; but *varna* does not mean caste or colour; it is a relic of conditions long obsolete. "The theory of four *varnas* originally implied that every society is divided into four classes, and that these classes are made according to their functions (*karma*) in society and according to their merit." The Brahman is at the top of society because he is more pure and sacred than other castes, purity being the pivot on which the entire system turns. "Caste in India is strong and rigid, because the ideas of the people regarding purity and pollution are rigid. The status of a caste or a tribe always depended on the *karma*, which in various degrees might be pure or impure." The caste system sought its justification in the theories of *karma* and transmigration of souls.

Dr. Ketkar has some interesting chapters on the history of India, the book of Manu, and philosophy of caste. He has surpassed other writers in fixing the date of the compilation of Manu's laws between A.D. 226 and 320; others have given a wider margin. Without depreciating ethnology, he does not believe there is a

very great relation between caste and race. While agreeing with the late Sir H. Risley in his division of India into seven racial zones, he disputes the names given them, holding that our knowledge is insufficient to justify the speculative conclusions advanced regarding the ancestry of the people of to-day. The subject, therefore, is not exhausted.

Nor is the subject of Hinduism. The perpetuation of the family and the purity of its blood are the root ideas of Hinduism. The recent work already quoted mentions that many attempts have been made to define Hinduism. A Hindu authority defined it as "what the Hindus or a major portion of the Hindus do." All the descriptions of Hinduism indicate something very different from our ordinary notion of a religion. It is largely a social system, it is said, founded on the Vedic and post-Vedic scriptures, but connected therewith only on such points as the veneration for Brahmans, the caste system, the doctrine of *karma*, the transmigration of souls, and the sanctity of the cow; the basis of the whole structure is the divine right of the Brahmans. In Dr. Ketkar's opinion, also, Hinduism is a social system; there is no "Hindu religion." "Hinduism, which means the Hindu society and its tradition, is not a religion, but is akin to tribal or national culture. Hindu society was not created on any principles previously laid down." And, again, "Present Hinduism is nothing but a mixture of heterogeneous tribes and their traditions." Hinduism has spread, according to Dr. Ketkar, through the uniformity produced among the people of India who are called Hindus, but that uniformity is not a result of the conscious attempt of some people to convert the rest. It has arisen from mere contact, from the acquisition of a common stock of ideas, a common system of manners, a common tradition, a common theology, and a priestly caste; the uniformity has been caused by the migration of Brahmans and Brahmanised people.

This process of Hinduisation he regards as the only process of universal application, because all civilisations are capable of being united into one civilisation. Though the process of uniting civilisations by religions has hitherto succeeded, he considers the chances for such a process to do their work in future to be doubtful. As Hinduism is an ever-changing society, which may expand and take in races and peoples, irrespective of their religious beliefs, it may (he writes) in future include Christians, Mahomedans, and Buddhists. Dr. Ketkar's belief in Hinduism is evidently absolute. There is a tie which he regards as intended to unite together, not only all Hindu castes, but the entire world—the tie of Hindu philosophy, which is quite cosmopolitan in its nature. He expects that the principles of this philosophy, though now dormant on account of the political insignificance of the Hindus, will ultimately triumph, and will bring the entire world together. "The most important portion of the Hindu cosmopolitanism is the pantheistic theology." But he does not say that the Hindus are not monotheists. "In fact, Hindu philosophy teaches monotheism in the most uncompromising manner. Some European writers have contrasted

pantheism and monotheism, but, in my opinion, monotheism and pantheism should be regarded as synonyms, and pantheism is the only possible form of any consistent monotheism." If this appears a little involved, Dr. Ketkar has the solution ready—that nothing really exists but the universal spirit called Brahman, and whatever appears to exist is mere illusion.

The "membership of Hinduism" and "modern social conditions" contain much explanatory matter. "European philosophy is freely taken over by the Hindus to understand the nature of things." But the "future of Hinduism" has also a political interest. Hinduism has not produced any nationality. The chief work to be done for the reform of Hinduism is to create a society perfectly integrated with a view that it may find a fit place in the cosmopolitan system. "We want Indian nationalism and Indian patriotism. It is the duty of the Indian poets, writers, and statesmen to cultivate this feeling." It is satisfactory to read that Hindus will have to give up the social dogma that all Christians and Mahomedans are *mlechchhas* (barbarians); he elsewhere has classed Englishmen and other Christians among low and ignoble tribes, and there are various allusions to Christianity and missionaries which will irritate many readers. Dr. Ketkar opens up controversy by such a sentence as, "Had Christians abstained from killing cows and drinking liquor, the Hindus would not have regarded them as impure people." Nor does he advance Hinduism by asserting that, "according to the Hindu notion, the stories which are called mythology by Europeans are nothing short of history." Such an assertion does not give them value as history. Unfortunately, he has elsewhere stated that the Vedic sages might properly eat beef, "because those sages had a power to restore the cow to life"! Dr. Ketkar has written a thoughtful and learned book, but whether it will conduce to the "unification of civilisation" remains to be seen.

Shorter Reviews

A Little Pilgrimage in Italy. By OLAVE M. POTTER. Illustrated by YOSHIO MARKINO. (Constable and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

A VERY pleasant pilgrimage may be made by going with the authoress of this book to visit, or revisit, as the case may be, some of the old-world cities and towns of Italy, such as Perugia, Siena, Chiusi, Ancona, Ravenna—many of them situated in Ancient Umbria. It is not a guide-book in the general acceptance of the term, but a delightful tour of a poet, philosopher, and friend, artistically illustrated, as one would imagine, by Mr. Markino in both colour and line.

The past (and what a past it is!) is drawn on more than the present, although here and there come sketches of modern peasant life; and there is also a modern description of the festival at Siena, well known as *Il Palio*, which is very vivid. The authoress, however,

devotes herself with heartfelt devotion more to the past than the present, and we have, amongst many others, memories of St. Catherine of Siena, St. Francis of Assisi, and of the painters who did so much for Siena and the other towns visited, not forgetting the frescoes and mural paintings of Giovanni Bazzi (known as *Il Sodoma*), and many others.

The book does not describe Florence, Rome, Naples, etc., but the smaller towns, which are all links in the great chain of Italian mediæval history, and no less interesting. The authoress appears to have been emotional, and very impressed by her surroundings and the outside signs of veneration which the peasants show to the sacred reliques of the past; but the climate, the environment, and the want of education surely have much to do with this. It is hardly possible in reading of the pilgrims at Loreto to imagine

children playing at hide-and-seek round confessional boxes in a church, but all very reverently, not forgetting they were in the house of their Father.

This pilgrimage narrative is written in very eloquent English, although here and there a pet phrase creeps in, as, for instance, the one describing the white oxen with scarlet fillets, a sight which apparently so impressed itself on the writer's memory that she does not scruple to repeat it several times. With this exception we may say that both from the literary and artistic point of view this book well deserves the attention of all lovers of Italy, past and present, who, we have no doubt, will derive much pleasure and profit in making a little pilgrimage to that country under the guidance of the authoress. The work is beautifully printed, and the illustrations in colour are excellent.

Hither and Thither. By R. BROOKS POPHAM. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 3s. 6d.)

MR. POPHAM writes, in a style that is not a little reminiscent of Kipling and Cunninghame Graham combined, of some things he has seen in wandering about the world. He writes truthfully, of that we feel convinced, and he has a leaning toward the gruesome. There is, for instance, an account of the hellish Chinese torture of the "cage," as witnessed in the native city of Shanghai; there is, again, an account of the burning of a negro—who turned out to be the wrong man—by an American mob; there are other incidents of ghastly nature detailed here with scrupulous exactness and a harrowing precision which lead to the conclusion that Mr. Popham is, temperamentally, rather analytical than sentimental.

But he is a keen observer: he has seen the world from the point of view of an adventure-loving wanderer, and foregathered with many interesting specimens of humanity. He makes these acquaintances of his live again in the pages before us—it is as if we sat with him and his friends in some ship's cabin, and heard yarns of many lands and seas to the accompaniment of creaking timbers and tarry smells. His reflections

are sound, and bespeak the gathered knowledge of many coasts; the ways of China and Japan, the oddities of the Malabar coast, the clamour of Natal in war time, the quiet of secluded spots in Italy and Switzerland, the winds that blow about long-voyaging ships—all these things, and more, have combined to give the author stories worth telling, and a way of telling them well. Here, in a very interesting dozen of pen pictures, we have the result.

On the East Coast. By PERCY LINDLEY. Illustrated. *The Moselle.* By PERCY LINDLEY. Illustrated. (G.E.R., Liverpool Street Station. Free.) *Royal Tunbridge Wells.* By F. COLEBROOK. Illustrated. (From the Town Clerk. Post free, 2d.)

THESE daintily-got-up booklets will no doubt be valued by many holiday-makers at this season of the year. They are charmingly illustrated and contain much needful information as to hotels, apartments, and places of interest. In "On the East Coast" prominence has been given to some less-known districts in East Anglia, and to the country between the Cromer and Hunstanton coast, and the Norfolk Broads. The illustrations, several of which are in colour, are a special feature, being exceedingly well executed, and there are useful sketch-maps of the various districts. The handy little volume also contains a very full list of golf links, and information as to tourist tickets, etc. Those who prefer to journey farther afield might do worse than make a tour to the Moselle, one of the least frequented and most beautiful rivers in Europe, which may be easily and inexpensively reached by the G.E.R. Co.'s Harwich route to the Continent. The pamphlet contains many excellent views, and much interesting historical and other information. Royal Tunbridge Wells, which at one period of its career was a most fashionable resort patronised by royalty, is still evidently as charming an old-world town as ever, judging by the pictures in this official guide to the district. A view of the famous Pantyles in colour is given as a frontispiece, but there are other views of places of interest in the town, and some most charming ones, almost breathing the fresh air of the country, of the undulating Kentish landscape surrounding it. It should prove an ideal place for a quiet holiday far from the madding crowd of seaside trippers.

Fiction

The Rhodesian. By GERTRUDE PAGE. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

THIS is, in a small way, a comedy of errors. Meryl Pym becomes engaged to William van Hert, South African politician, while she is in love with a certain Carew of the Rhodesian Police, while Carew holds back from declaring himself because of a sixteen-year-old tragedy—involving another woman—in which he had played a part. Van Hert, in turn, is in love with Diana, the cousin of his betrothed.

Out of this tangle of affections Diana, who is of the

madcap style of heroine, restores order, and all ends happily—everybody gets mated satisfactorily, and we feel certain that everybody will live happily ever after. Carew is too self-contained and reserved, in spite of his position, to win all our admiration; we accord unbounded admiration to Diana, and remain absolutely unmoved by Meryl's Imperial dreams and girlish heroics—they are too stagey to please. In spite of a good knowledge of the country she describes, the authoress has made the whole of her story a little too forced in its effects to permit of real grip and power; one has always an impression that the wires by which the characters are moved may become visible—the action is too evidently "worked" with a view to the climax.

Psychological processes such as are depicted here are common enough, and the three or four pages of descriptive writing which occur at frequent intervals are quite unnecessary—we do not require that the machinery of humanity should be described so minutely, but rather that humanity itself should be analysed, in a story of this kind. A phase of Rhodesian life is well described, but, by too minute and detached a description of the characters therein, the authoress has made what might have been a fine novel into a rather tedious story.

Beggars and Sorners. By ALLAN MCAULAY. (John Lane. 6s.)

OF books about Prince Charlie there is no end. In "Beggars and Sorners" (*Anglicé*, spungers) we have an unusual peep behind the scenes, and a realistic picture of the jealousies, hates, poverty and embittered pride of the followers of the fortunes of James and his son. The scene is laid in Holland, with the house of Emilius Six, banker and go-between, as a centre. Here, on the death of her hard-drinking father, comes Helen Murray, a sensible and sufficiently attractive, but not beautiful, girl, innocent of all the plots and intrigue which surround her. There appears on the scene an old lover who jilted her, Sir James Primrose, now an outlaw and a changed man, and full of hate of Charles; also the Master of Kames, a pathetic example of the poverty-stricken rebel forced to take refuge over the water. Then there are Finlay McNab, an unscrupulous but unsuspected traitor to the cause; his brother Francie, an officer in the Scots Brigade, and fated to bear the brunt of his brother's wrongdoings, together with Anna, the beautiful daughter of the Master of Kames, and her aunt, Lady Carless, a sornor of pronounced type.

The Prince is introduced at his worst and at his best, but the main interest centres round Helen Murray and Emilius Six, who are mutually attracted to each other, and the adventures of the former, who is suspected, thanks to Finlay McNab, of being a spy.

The story is well told, the characters ably drawn, and the Scotch excellent.

God and Mammon. By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.)

THE large circle of Mr. Hocking's readers will no doubt welcome this story, for it is in its author's usual vein.

There is the young Cornishman who goes to London, leaving the pretty Cornish girl behind, and who plays with millions in true Napoleonic fashion. Growing tired of this in due course, he decides that it is better to serve God and the pretty Cornish girl rather than Mammon, so restores certain ill-gotten gains to persons whom his speculations have ruined, and returns to rural peace and the things that matter in the long run.

The Conservative Party and the brewers, naturally, come in for a few digs from Mr. Hocking's pen, and all the Society people in the book are very shallow and callous and mercenary, while the big financiers appear very sorry for themselves and yearn for the simple life. Mr. Hocking's readers like this sort of thing, or he would not go on writing it, but in the normal world of affairs experience shows that there is as much honesty, generosity and sentiment in the City as in Cornwall, and though stocks and shares are not exactly synonymous with soul, a man may possess both—humanity is built on equal lines in city and country, on the whole. This glorification of simplicity strikes us as a sort of yearning for peace at the expense of progress, and might be annoying if it were not expressed in too biased a way to be taken seriously.

The Tomboy and Others. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

"THE Tomboy and Others" form a collection of some thirty slight sketches written in Mr. Watson's well-known bright humorous vein, and will provide the lightest of reading for those desirous of relief from more solid fare. As they cover less than three hundred pages all told, it will be seen that any one of them may be read in a few minutes, and they have presumably made a previous appearance in one or another of our periodicals, though the publisher says nothing as to this. Whether they were worth issuing in volume form is best known to him and their author. They are not likely to add anything to the literary fame of the latter, from whom we would rather have something more serious and durable than such trivialities as these. Yet others may be of a different opinion, and there is little doubt but that any work bearing Mr. Marriott Watson's name is sure to meet with a ready sale.

Music

THERE is no reason why successful performers on the pianoforte should not achieve success as composers, and one gets rather impatient at the easy "Ne sutor ultra crepidem" tone in which even such splendid musicians as Paderewski and Busoni have been spoken of by rashly judging people when they come forward as composers. It is true enough that too many young people think they can compose music of their own because they like and can play that of the great masters, but are there not Bach, Mozart, Chopin, Liszt and Brahms to prove that great executive skill need not be

a hindrance to the development of the finest of a composer's gifts? Indeed, since vivid imagination and poetic instinct must necessarily be combined with first-rate musicianship and complete technical mastery before a pianist can be numbered among the really great, it seems unlikely that Paderewski and Busoni should play as they do unless they had the power to be creators of music as well as interpreters. It has long been known that the Polish pianist could produce original work that was brilliant in scholarship, weighty in purpose, romantic in feeling. His big pianoforte pieces and his opera of "Manru" are sufficient evidence of this. And the Italian pianist had gained a remarkable reputation as a very learned musician, before it became generally known that, as a composer, he was treading in strange, new paths, making experiments in tonality which ranked him at once among the explorers, the ardent leaders who are not content to leave the world as they found it, who must add something to its science in the hope of bringing benefit to a future race. Had these two musicians been satisfied to enrich contemporary art only by the exercise of their potent, magnificent gifts as interpreters of the great composers for the pianoforte, no one could have wondered. But they seek, and we rejoice to think that they are successful in their ambition, to make music which may be heard and enjoyed hereafter, when their fingers can no longer touch the keys; music which shall teach posterity something of the great spirit which animated them, and assure it that the secret of that power which enabled them so to touch the hearts of the world while they were yet alive, lay not only in their fingers, but, and chiefly, in their brain and their being.

Last week's concert of the London Symphony Orchestra gave us our first opportunity of hearing M. Paderewski's Polish Symphony. It had been played here by Dr. Richter, but it is not familiar in England as it is on the Continent and in America. For English taste, when included with other compositions in a long programme, it is doubtless too long. It would be wise to give it in London with nothing but an overture and an epilogue, both of which should be well-known and in suitable contrast. But as it was, we did not find it too long; nay, when M. Paderewski has completed its scherzo, which, we suppose, will make the whole Symphony last for something like an hour and a half, we shall be more than ready to sit through the whole, for no one can say that the Symphony is wanting in variety of interest. At the same time we do not see why the existing third movement, which is practically a Symphonic Poem, should not be played by itself, if the whole work be thought too long. We believe that it would be certain to obtain a permanent place even in an English repertory. We need not dwell on the composer's mastery of the orchestra as a means of expression. He knows all that need be known about the art of combining instruments, and an attentive listener is constantly struck by something fresh and interesting in the workmanship of the Symphony. Nor are we specially anxious to lay stress on the fact that M. Paderewski is no merely skilful manipulator of ideas which have

already made their way in the world, but a composer to whom the gift has been given of creating original and very eloquent melody, and the further gift of the power to sustain and develop it in long, rolling, harmonious periods. Here we have not the Poet who strews here and there an original thought or a happy expression on a suave surface of pleasant verse, and can do no more, but the Poet whose intention must be looked for in every line, and whose sense of *form* must be considered as well as his thought and his words.

To review the detailed excellencies of the Symphony would not be possible for us until our familiarity with them is much greater than that to which we can at present pretend. What we may venture to do is to say that the real thing which matters in music, the spirit of deep, genuine, heartfelt emotion, is there in this Symphony as its creating impulse. One has heard music that is crudely fashioned, elementary in form, jejune in its ornament, which has stirred one's heart in spite of the poverty of the presentation, because of the existence in it of this inspiring sincerity of emotion. Had M. Paderewski's Symphony been far less scholarly, much less rich in mere beauty than it is, it would nevertheless have spoken unforgettable words to us, words which we feel instinctively to be the utterance of one who has been face to face with the tragedy of life, who has not been overcome by the experience, but has learned to look, with the broad kind gaze of the Poet, upon the sufferings of our "*pauvre et triste humanité*." M. Paderewski in this music leads us to the spectacle of his country's pride and her misfortunes. It is a stern course that he takes us, but like Virgil to Dante, he is a "*dolce duca*." He spares us nothing of the bitterness which overwhelms the chivalry. He neither adds nor takes away. It is not music for a light hour, made for its pleasure, but because it burned in a patriot's heart. We felt throughout that there was something tremendously sincere in the slow telling of this story, from the noble pathos, infinitely beautiful, of the opening lines, to the dirge for fallen heroes, and the theme of inextinguishable hope which so much exalts the battle-piece. This is the music, surely, of one whose heart has been stirred in its depths; a stirring which has made eloquent verse rise to his lips for its expression. The keen, passionate review is of a story most fitted to be told in music. In the hands of a mere descriptive historian, it might have been made monotonous, a drum and trumpet story, woeful indeed, but scarcely to be distinguished from other recitals of the kind. But M. Paderewski is among the heirs of that splendid spirit which has enabled men to make themselves one with the heroic beings of whose deeds they sing, and thus he can bring it about that we shall see what he has seen, and feel what he has felt. His Symphony regarded merely as a piece of music, is beautiful, but it is more than that, it is inevitable. Mr. Nikisch and his men played it with a fine glow; they gave it with dignity, too, allowed nothing of its vitality to escape, or its penetrating, kindling message.

Signor Busoni began his labours with the Queen's Hall Orchestra by playing the "Emperor" Concerto of

Beethoven, and the "Todentanz" of Liszt, and as if that were not enough for one who was then to conduct two of his own compositions, he then yielded to such an insistence on the part of the amazed and greedy audience as is seldom seen, and played Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's "Erl-King." We doubt if we have ever heard him play more superbly. Let no man belittle those pieces of Liszt after *that* performance, if such a musician as Busoni thought it worth while to lavish on them that marvellous wealth of thought and skill. It is some years since we stood in front of the frescoes in the Pisan Campo Santo; we believe that it was before the *savants* had decided that Orcagna had had no hand in them. But Liszt and Busoni brought them so vividly to our mind, that it seemed as though they were there in Queen's Hall. Then, with Schubert, he not only made the words of the poem ring in our ears, but actually showed us the scene and the actors in it. This was a performance of almost terrible splendour. So, with the Overture to the "Seraglio" as a passage from these agitating sounds to those, mournful, yet charged with a singular peace, of his "Berceuse Elégiaque," Signor Busoni proceeded to prove that his gifts as a pianist have not denied him the greater gifts of the composer. The "Berceuse" is of the nature of a sacred expression of piety and love, in memory of the composer's mother. We scarcely like to intrude, even with words of the sincerest praise, upon the tender scene of the son's offering of such music. Who would dare to write comments upon Cowper's lines on his mother's picture? Such elegies as these are best read and heard in silence, with all the sympathy that the heart can give. Still, we will venture to say how profoundly this music moved us. Its novel mode could neither surprise nor disturb us, for it was immediately felt to be natural. The hushed vibrations spoke intimately, gravely, of sorrow and desolation, and when they ceased, the impression left was as though one had seen a beautiful garland laid upon a bier, while far-off and not quite earthly voices chanted a requiem.

Of the Suite "Turandot" we can speak with the most cheerful words of satisfaction. Here the novelty is not that which we have been taught to associate with the name of Busoni the composer, but this music is novel indeed in its vivacious, queer, amusing use of instruments, especially of the wood-wind. The Suite is as clever as it can be; one would judge it to be extremely appropriate to the scenes it sets out to illustrate. The "Eastern" flavour is unmistakably truthful, and the contrasts of languorous with whimsical tune keep the listener constantly on the alert, and most pleasantly.

We heard some other quite unfamiliar music last week, the 5th Sonata by Scriabine, and his Nocturne for the left hand, also three very charming pieces by K. Szymanowski, all played with consummate virtuosity and beauty by Mr. Arthur Rubinstein. We found it all intensely interesting. The Sonata is baffling to a listener who tries to discover its form, but of such wonderful spirit, poignant, searching, stirring, that it gripped the attention. It would be impossible to describe it,

so we shall not attempt a task for which we are not competent. But we are much indebted to Mr. Rubinstein for playing it, and hope that he will let us hear it again, and other pieces, too, by so strangely interesting a composer as Scriabine.

One Hundred Years Ago

THE passion for amusement, gaiety, and pageantry has made tremendous, one might almost say disquieting, strides in England during the past three years. As our domestic and imperial problems become increasingly difficult of solution, as our position in Europe and our naval supremacy are more fiercely challenged by jealous rivals, we seem disposed to escape from the anxiety and strain by indulging in round after round of festivities on a stupendous scale undreamt of by our fathers and grandfathers. We seek to forget dull care in endless joy; we endeavour to make ourselves believe that we are supreme and beyond challenge as a world power by concealing the inner rottenness and decay under a wondrous panoply of colour and music. Such signs have been visible before the fall of almost every world empire in the past. As each declined in civic virtue and military prowess, so also did the splendour of the outward display grow. Not that we mean to imply for a moment that the British Empire is on the verge of some great cataclysm, or that we are in immediate danger of being dragged into a struggle from which we shall emerge second best. We are still too strong on the sea for that. Rather do we refer to the extreme levity with which the gravest issues are regarded at the present day. Politics have sunk to the lowest ebb they have ever reached in this country. The greatest questions are settled almost without discussion. A tremendous storm arises round them for a few short weeks, and then the public and the actors in the drama grow weary and seek a fresh rôle, which can only satisfy, for an equally short period, this modern craze for the sensational.

During the last three years a perfect mania for fancy-dress balls on a grand and hitherto unattempted scale has sprung up in the social world. All classes seem to derive equal amusement and pleasure from them: politicians, soldiers, governors of our dominions beyond the sea, those who live exclusively for pleasure, actors, actresses, the middle classes, and even the humble man in the street who takes up his position at the door to watch the gaily be-robed throng pass in to a night of wild intoxicating joy. The social world seems to have grown weary of the old-time amusements of its ancestors. The small private dance, composed of just the cream of society, from which all others were rigorously excluded, seems almost to have passed away. The beautiful waltzes of a few years ago no longer satisfy the younger generation; they must have Turkey Trots, Bunny Hugs, and Grizzly Bear dances, which would make our grandfathers and grandmothers turn

in their graves and send a thrill of horror through their moral and ascetic senses. The real cause of the change is probably due to the fact that the social world has grown so enormously during the past decade that very few private hostesses have houses large enough, or purses long enough, to entertain on a large scale. Where a few scores had to be asked ten years ago, thousands must now be invited, unless grave offence is given. Thus, to escape from this dilemma, the custom is becoming more and more common of hiring some huge public hall and allowing almost everyone to come who can afford to pay for a box or for a ticket. The result is curious, and has a strange effect. Men and women of widely different social grades, many of whom disdain to be seen in the company of one another inside a private house, are brought together under a common roof. The same thing applies to various schools of political thought, which have become estranged of recent years owing to the bitterness of the constitutional struggle. All are united, and apparently meet on the best of terms.

It is easy to understand the attraction these fancy-dress balls exercise. They give the opportunity to every woman to appear in the costume which she imagines suits her best, instead of in some mild variation of the passing garb of fashion; they enable men to escape for a few short hours from the eternal evening suit and the ever present danger of being mistaken for the waiter; both sexes can spend the evening or dance, not with those they are supposed to, but with those they particularly wish to. The boxes round the Albert Hall, which alone provides sufficient room for these vast pageants, form pleasant little havens of refuge to which each may retire when no longer possessed with a desire to dance; and, above all, an atmosphere of reckless Bohemianism hangs over these public dances, which is in welcome contrast to the restrained air and dull respectability of the ordinary private dance. In hushed whispers your partner will draw your attention to some notorious actress of the variety stage, to some noted politician, to the most recent celebrity of the divorce court, or to some gay resident of Paris whom rumour says really belongs to the great demi-monde, none of whom could have passed the portals of a private dance. How much this variety adds to the evening's charm is just beginning to be appreciated in this island which Pinero once described as "Little England, the land of lean women and smug men; in all things the suburb of the universe." The Albert Hall has of recent years earned the honourable title of the *Montmartre* of Paris. London will not suffer by the change. Society was growing infinitely bored with dances which seemed to be made up from the familiar names which daily appear in the society columns of the papers. In these great democratic cosmopolitan gatherings a duchess becomes a human being, and must descend from her pedestal if she is to be noticed at all, and the gay little child of joy from the variety stage is the real cynosure of all eyes, if one may be permitted to use a hackneyed phrase.

Last year we were told that the Shakespeare Ball would never be surpassed in splendour and wealth of colour and costume; but on Thursday, the 6th inst., the Hundred Years Ago Ball at the Albert Hall proved an even greater success, and in many ways it was more effective. There was naturally not quite the same variety in the costumes as in the Shakespeare Ball, which covered the range of many centuries; but, on the other hand, the costumes of one hundred years ago were peculiarly attractive, and more especially do they give the men an opportunity of competing on more even terms with the ladies. Previous experience had helped the management to provide against undue overcrowding, with the result that there was far more individuality, and the quadrilles, which had been organised with so much care, were not hopelessly jumbled together into one indistinguishable mass of struggling humanity, each doing different figures at the wrong moment. It would be unfair to discriminate, but we think the palm must be awarded to the Waterloo Quadrille. Each figure in that historic struggle was wonderfully lifelike. It took one back to the past in a manner which no history or record of the times could possibly have done. Those who were present will not easily forget the scene. We may as a nation be going rapidly downhill, but the path we are following is indeed a splendid one, and it is certainly easy for lovers of pleasure to follow as long as it is strewn with such landmarks as we saw on Thursday night.

Some New French Plays

THE Parisian season is at present at the zenith of its glory, and the theatres, music-halls and concerts compete with an ardour which the approach of summer alone justifies. The unfortunate critic, invited to so many artistic, and alas! sometimes inartistic, manifestations, feels absolutely bewildered by the task imposed upon him. There is a Russian season at the Châtelet with the incomparable Nijinski, the enchanting Kasavina in the everlasting but delightful Russian ballets. At the Opéra Madame Kousnezoff triumphs in Strauss' "Salome"; so perfectly does she personify the heroine, that one almost feels that Salome must have looked, acted and thought like Madame Kousnezoff. The young Russian singer is endowed with great beauty, a very fine voice, and moreover possesses an extraordinary personal magnetism. Of all the representations of Salome that we have seen, that of Madame Kousnezoff seems the most harmonious.

At the Renaissance, Madame Marthe Régnier has made her reappearance in Victorien Sardou's comedy, "Divorçons." It is unnecessary to say that she is just as *spirituelle*, pretty and charming as ever. At the Vaudeville Madame Jeanne Granier appears nightly in "Education de Prince," by Maurice Donnay. When the management has had, as is the case this season, several

"slumps," or when it does not know exactly what to do, out pops "Education de Prince," followed by Madame Jeanne Granier, who surely, even in private life, must retain the delightful Slavic accent she acquired while playing the rôle of the Queen of Silestria. Needless to say there is always a full house, the public preferring generally a good play it knows by heart to a new but worthless comedy.

A curious fact to note is the tendency that light musical comedy or operetta has shown of late to invade the French stage. Six of the leading theatres of Paris at this moment give *opérettes* which attract each night crowded audiences; the Apollo, the Théâtre Michel, the Gaîté, the Variétés, the Trianon Lyrique, and the Déjazet. Of the principal ones, at the Apollo M. Franz Lehar again triumphs in the "Comte de Luxembourg," adapted into French by two celebrated playwrights who desire to remain anonymous—perhaps because they are too acutely conscious of the inanity of the work they have adapted. Their effort to remain incognito is, however, quite vain, as the few bright sallies and witty repartees which happily enliven the text are of a special and well-known quality, which better than any signature reveals the identity of the authors. The "Comte de Luxembourg" is staged with care, but with rather too bourgeois a conception. A perfect orchestra performs in rhythmical strains the flowing, sugary accents of M. Lehar's composition, which produces the effect of being one long, languorous, enervating waltz. The naturally fascinating hero is over-elegantly personated by M. Defreyn, the young tenor of the moment in Paris. He pirouettes, waltzes, and sings with a perfect and desperate monotony. Madame Brigitte Régent is the delightful *divorcée* heroine. She is pretty and warbles crystalline notes with automatic and excessive gesticulation. As long as she stands perfectly still she is charming; she ought not to dance, for as soon as she attempts the least little *pas* she resembles rather painfully a Dutch doll. Of course the *clou* of the evening is Galipaux, who "gags" in a most delightfully idiotic manner during the whole of the play. Nevertheless, it is a fact that although we are delighted in the revival of the *opérette* on its native heath—the French stage—still we are tired of and saturated with German sentimentalism. When will the really gay, lively *opérette spirituelle* of the 'fifties appear among us again? When will the real French spirit reign once more upon the French stage? It is whispered that M. Franck, the manager of the Apollo, is preparing for next winter an exclusively French *opérette*! Let us hope and wait.

Next to be noted is the play given at the present moment at the Théâtre Michel, named "Le Tiers Porteur, ou l'Honneur de Désiré," due to M. Jean Kolb, son of the celebrated actress of the Comédie Française and M. André de Fouquières. M. de Fouquières is *par excellence* the man about town. He writes, dances, acts, he gives lectures on Art, Politics, and such-like new and original subjects. He is the Lovelace for whom the virginal hearts of young Society girls beat as he whirls them through the mazes of the dance. He is, in

fact, a living specimen of the book, "How and When to do the Right Thing in Society." His latest achievement is the *opérette* above mentioned. The subject is rather daring: Désiré Poupard has gambled away all his fortune. Having no more money, he stakes one night his lady-love, who answers to the elegant if rather canine appellation of "Totoche." He loses the game and signs a paper by which he resigns his rights to her favours—for twenty-four hours. A series of comical episodes ensue which we need not enumerate. Désiré cares more than ever, in the end, for Totoche—as he finds that she is a most advantageous and lucrative young person to know. M. Claude Terrasse has written a most amusing and original score for the libretto, which contains, moreover, all the comic qualities we appreciated in his preceding works—"Le Sire de Vergy" and "La Fiancée de Télémaque." In short "Le Tiers Porteur" is very amusing.

At the Variétés there has been a revival of "Orphée aux Enfers" staged in a superior manner and with a first-class cast. We note the names of MM. Brasseur, Guy, and Prince, and Mmes Méaly, Saulier and Arlette Dorgère—all kings and queens of *opérette*. We must not forget to mention the really fine presentations of "La Fille de Madame Angot" at the Gaîté Lyrique, where Mlles Germaine Gallois and Edmée Favart are nightly applauded in their respective rôles of Mlle Lange and Clairette. Rarely has the delightful *chef d'œuvre* of Charles Lecoq been given with such care as to details and such a perfection of the *ensemble*. It is a joy to see and hear it.

MARC LOGÉ.

America or The Philippines?

BY SYDNEY M. ENGLISH (Manila)

"AND our young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams." It is good to dream a little; when we come to an end of our visions, we come to an end of our inspirations. Hard-headed, sceptic, materialist as we may appear to the world, we all have moments in which it is given us to see visions, to dream dreams. And the East is essentially a land of dreams and haunting visions; a glamour of romance hangs over it all, stealing from us, in greater or less degree, some of that prosaic practicability inborn in races of a colder clime.

So for white and black alike the East has its influence. It influences us surely, though perhaps imperceptibly and against the sterner will. However, the Americans did not come to the Philippines to dream; but to "do." Yet, we believe, they too had their dreams. At the back of all their schemes for the future of this country, beneath all those wise plans for its greater good, there was a beautiful vision, shall we say, an impossible dream? For are not dreams of this flimsy stuff, and does not their chief charm lie in the sheer impossibility of their fulfilment? So we say that the Americans when

they took over the Philippines dreamed an impossible dream of perfect equality, of changing the habits, outlook, thoughts and aspirations of the people they had come to govern, and transforming this race from a brown to a white one.

We all know the old saying about the leopard and his spots; we know, further, it is just as impossible for the brown man to change his skin for a white one; but something has been done effectively. He has been stirred from his ancient slumber, awakened to a sense of his own importance. The Americans have succeeded—wisely or not—in arousing that hitherto humble and subservient spirit to something like defiance and revolt.

Yet, was this exactly what the governors of these Islands intended to do when they fostered in the hearts and minds of a susceptible people ideas of common brotherhood and puissance? I cannot say. It is not often that you will get an American—or any other member of the dominating races—to own that he has made a mistake. I can only assert that the Filipino has been properly awakened; he no longer spends his days, at least, in dreaming only. He is eager to assert himself—to "do" likewise. It may be for those dark nights of his he cherishes his own particular *sueno beatífico*—that vision engrafted into his pliable soul by the men who came into his land as protectors, but who, in the eyes of those who serve them, are fast assuming the character of aggressors and usurpers to be ousted from power.

This dream, I say, makes the poetry of the Filipinos' nights. It is the dream of their life to turn from these Islands those to whom they owe all they know of freedom. And they will not easily be satisfied now; it must be for them all or nothing. They demand no small honorarium—these things have been given with a bountiful hand; they require no trifling solatium for real or fancied ills, for slights or neglect; they ask no pretence of equality, but supremacy in their own land; absolute power—losing sight of all those vast improvements made in their city, the astonishing reduction in the death rate in their midst, the undoubted reformations in their sanitary and health departments, the bettering of their conditions, socially and morally, and the greater care taken for the protection of their goods, of life and limb. These things, apparently, they have no time to consider, neither can one honestly recall a single instance of any evidence of gratitude on the part of the Filipino for such favours conferred. They have no place in their mind for aught but one vast consideration, one all-absorbing project: the palm that is to be gained without labour, without—shall we say?—the right or power to hold it.

As at home in Old England those foolish ones of the weaker sex are crying out for a prize they would fain renounce were it vouchsafed to them to-morrow, so the Filipino, to-day, is demanding the great necessity of his life; independence and freedom. Freedom, for what? To sink back into the old slough of incom-

petency, the old habits of ignorance and unhealthfulness? We trust not. But the young Filipino, primed with newly-acquired wisdom, thinks he knows best what is best for himself. He no longer cares for the good of the land for which he professes such inordinate devotion. It may remain a dreary waste and he and his family may starve for lack of its proper cultivation, while he spends his time and his money boldly and fluently pleading his glorious cause in Press or in public. That thousands in these Islands during the last months have suffered severely from the recent scarcity of rice does not deter the young agitator from his purpose. In the columns of the local American Press the necessity for manual labour and for the cultivation of the land has been reiterated with untiring vigour.

Such warnings and such criticisms have fallen on stony ground. With a singular lack of pride or obligation the assistance offered by the Government during this crisis has been accepted; but without any obvious result in awakening in the hearts of the people a sense of their own indolence and sloth. As I have said, the Filipinos to-day are a nation of one idea. They want independence; nothing else under the sun can content them; and it is the Americans themselves who have instilled this drop of poison into their veins. How are they now going to cope with the mischief they have created? What steps are they going to take to satisfy the demands they have encouraged in the eager spirits they have professed to guide and teach; or how will they at this period quench the ardent flame of mistaken patriotism kindled by their own hand?

Let me confess that I firmly believe that were this demand proved once and for all to be for the present and future good of the Filipino, the Americans here and at home would be only too ready to accede to their request. But the great point is not whether the Americans shall forfeit their rights to the Islands, but rather, whether they would be, at the present stage of its existence, justified in giving up a charge so arduous, so full of complications, and replete with responsibilities; whether they would be justified in standing aside at this juncture in the history of the Philippines and witnessing, as I believe they inevitably would witness—the ruin of all or much that has been done in the interests of the Archipelago. Again, do results prove that the Filipinos are ready for, or capable of, at the moment, self-government? These are grave questions; but it is the belief of the great majority of thoughtful and sincere Americans in the Islands that the Filipino to-day, or for many a long day, will not be capable of self-government. Yet how often we humans try to persuade ourselves that the easiest way is the right way out of our difficulties. For there is no doubt it would be easier for the Americans to withdraw from the Islands than to hold on to them—to cling tenaciously to a possession that has ceased to bring them any material advantage, or, I fear, much satisfaction to their pride.

Futility—and its Peril

IN all ages the spectacle of genius justifying itself to mediocrity has been regarded as a subject of ruth and pity with the gods. From time immemorial court-martial, trial, chains and imprisonment have been meted out as the reward of heroes. The growing pains of civilisation are part of its divine economy. That which is easy can do no more than stop the gap. Defeat to a virile nation is the gate of victory. In the hard school of adversity she learns to organise and train her forces soberly, stubbornly; then revolt springs up and the oppressor's yoke is cast off. They that sow in tears reap in joy.

When the Ides of March are past we look forward to the riot of spring and the stately beauty of summer. The harsh winds, the grey skies and the dour monotony of the winter landscape have their reward in copses studded with a milky way of wood anemone and primrose. On every hand the cheeky note of the blackbird proclaims the season's difference. How often have we watched his skimming flight over a carpet of dead leaves, when his note was apologetic and despondent and the woodlands hibernated. Everything in which is the breath of life marks time in the chill wintry weather; every April garden is a battlefield—we have to gather up the dead, to coax survivors back again to vigour.

Nature is perennial. Season by season she copies herself in the past. The astounding phenomena of bird migration are familiar to us, and we fail to realise the marvels of the bird calendar of travels. Why, for instance, in a particular week of the spring, does the swallow parliament pass a resolution that the nation shall fly North, to face unknown terrors over the stormy seas? Young and old alike flit valiantly away for a land of perpetual promise, from whence their battalions will in due time retreat. Many of the old birds will fail that roll-call when it comes, but their places will be taken by the half-yearlings, and so the ebb and flow of life will go on to the end of the chapter.

But nations migrate without retreating. There is no subject on which men wrangle more than that of race-destinies. The vast tracts of Turkestan are almost as solitary to-day as the mountains of the moon, yet we know that five or six hundred years ago they teemed with folk full of aggression, as much bent on seeking their place in the sun as the restless Teutons of to-day. A few nomads wandering over illimitable steppes, seeking scant herbage for their flocks on the bases of the roof of the world, are all there are to show for those hordes of the earth-hungry. The world is strewn with the dead bones of Empire—Babylon, Carthage, Greece, Mexico, Peru. Is, then, all human endeavour futile? The fabric of racial organism is cemented with blood and tears. It is hardly-wrought and attains to maturity

through dire struggle. Then comes the chilling frost of adversity to nip its root, and it falls. Some wandering archæologist in the future will record the shreds and patches of its past. That race was! True, it has passed its type on, in the ravelled web of Man's destiny.

Britain to-day emerges from a social civil war. Our trade economy is touched to the quick. It is certain that we come out of the struggle weaker and poorer. Foolish panic-legislation will plague its inventor and those who come after him. All men are saying—and nothing is more disastrous than that it should be so—that the Old Country is on the down grade. Before us looms the shadow of a gigantic European struggle. No responsible authority can be found to tell us that our Army is fitted to fight a series of victorious European campaigns. We all think our Navy invincible—but modern navies are mechanisms that have only been tested on the measured mile of Peace. No struggle has taken place between two modern navies evenly matched. Eventualities are, for us and others, in the lap of the gods. We have all heard of an army that was ready to the buttons of the gaiters of the last recruit, but that army was swept out of being and melted away when the time of test came.

Perhaps in God's great assize War may be the instrument to restore the British race to her old place at the head of European civilisation. War is a mighty tonic. Future wars will be a brutal business enough—how brutal no war yet waged can teach us. Even so, there is not an acre of British soil in which the bones of some fighter of his day have not mouldered, and on mouldering bones Freedom rears her temples. As Charles Kingsley wrote, when Frenchmen and Germans flew at each others' throats more than forty years ago:

And ever at the loom of Birth,
The mighty Mother weaves and sings:
She weaves—fresh robes for mangled earth;
She sings—fresh hopes for desperate things.

Has not the time come when the wicked game of party demoralisation should, by the resolution of moderate men on every side, be determined? The institutions of Great Britain are being offered at Dutch auction. There is nothing which will fetch a few miserable votes at the poll for which our placemen will not gamble. We have grown great on a régime of steady progress. Now, in a time of drought, our flood-gates are open, and the land is being drained of the historic waters which have fertilised its institutions in the past. No one attempts to dispute that all this reckless work is opposed to the deliberate will of the nation, and that, if the people had a real say in their destinies, they would change it. Have the British people grown so emasculate that they cannot shake off the present nightmare and force their will to shape national policy, such as in its heart of hearts the nation demands?

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

THE House reassembled after the Whitsuntide recess on Tuesday, 4th inst., and this part of the Session, fraught with tremendous and serious issues, opened with a mild joke. Sir John Tenniel, when he illustrated "Alice in Wonderland," must have had a prophetic eye—for he drew an exact portrait of Mr. Joseph King, M.P., when he portrayed the Mad Hatter in that famous story. His questions, and his very attitude when bending to ask them, remind one of the tea-party. Mr. King wanted to know what Lord Haldane had been doing in Germany, and Sir Edward Grey, who is usually very solemn, read an elaborate written answer in which he said Lord Haldane had been on a private holiday with a companion—"the cut of whose beard caused him to be identified as either the Prime Minister or as myself." The Radicals rocked with laughter at this description of two clean-shaven men—and evidently thought it extremely funny, whilst the Secretary for Foreign Affairs smiled as if he himself thought it rather clever.

The attendance was sparse, so sparse indeed that Sir Frederick Banbury had to take the Chair for a time; this was poacher turned gamekeeper with a vengeance. The fare was very light—a vote in supply for Consular and other expenses. The usual chaff went on—the Unionists picked the Estimates to pieces and urged economy; whilst young Wedgwood Benn, with a statesmanlike air, pleaded that for the dignity of the British Empire it was necessary to spend £6,000 on a reception room in Cairo, £250 on a tennis-court in Dacca, and 300 odd pounds for a bathroom (h. and c.) somewhere else. Mr. Strauss protested against the disbanding of the Paddington Rifles, but before the debate could finish the House was counted out at 9.40.

On Wednesday Mr. Brady, an Irish Member, ran amok and for no discoverable reason objected to a series of English domestic private Bills with which he could have no possible concern. I believe he was remonstrated with severely by his friends for this ill-timed exhibition, because it is contended by the opponents of the Home Rule Bill that this is exactly what will happen when the Irish are free to manage their own affairs, and yet come over here and obstruct English legislation with which they will then have no concern.

Then came the question of the Dock Strike. It is clear the strike is crumbling—more men are going back every day, and it was necessary that the retreat should not become a rout. Both sides wanted to know what the Government intended to do. Each professed to be anxious for a settlement; the masters declare that two agreements have been torn up, whilst the men allege pin-pricks and evasion by some of the smaller employers. Mr. Lloyd George read a type-written document of such length—at such a speed and so ambiguously worded, that the Labour men saw their advantage and pressed for leave to move the adjournment. This

was granted, and the House in the interval sat down to listen to a brilliant attack on John Burns by Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen for doing nothing under the House and Town Planning Act. The Unionist Social Reform Committee is responsible for this movement. They all believe in Social Democracy and keep Disraeli's earlier novels under their pillows. They often meet at plain dinners, and afterwards earnestly discuss Poor Law Problems and Housing over half-bottles of claret. It is interesting to see these young men at work—they are thoroughly in earnest and they made John Burns "sit up." Boscawen was followed by Hills, Walter Guinness, Cavendish-Bentinck, Waldorf Astor, and Peto, whilst respectable Liberals like Spicer and Bentham also had a cut. John Burns, however, turned it off. He praised himself and all his works: never had the L.G.B. been better managed, and he produced his old trump card of a Milk Bill, which he really hoped for the fourth time the Government would find time to pass this session. Hope is not yet taxed even by Lloyd George.

At 8.15, Mr. O'Grady, a Labour Member, opened fire on the adjournment. Mr. Lloyd George, like the little boy in the story, "had not been idle" in the interval, for he sprang a surprise on the Labour Members. The Unions were now willing to give a financial guarantee to observe any new agreement come to by a Joint Board. Mr. O'Grady could not believe his ears and demanded who had signed the offer. It was Harry Gosling.

The House felt this was business. Bonar Law, with that swift decision which is one of his most valuable characteristics, pointed out that this was tantamount to a confession that the Trades Disputes Act of 1906 had broken down. By that Act the Government had put the Unions above the law and free from financial liability. By the irony of circumstances the Unions had found they must submit to financial liability in spite of that Act. Mr. O'Grady had no more to say, so he withdrew his motion and we all went home to bed.

Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and all the other burning questions of this session have faded into the background before the labour unrest. Mr. McKenna, like a more celebrated man before him, has been described as "having the manners of a pirate and the courage of a nursery governess." He bullies when he can, but he met his match this afternoon at question-time in Mr. Fred Hall, the Unionist Member for Dulwich. Mr. Hall looks like a prize-fighter in mufti, and roars out persistent questions in tones of menace. Whether this caused McKenna to lose his head or not I do not know, but he blurted out that he had declined police protection to the free labourers who were coming into the Port by the *Lady Jocelyn* "because it was likely to cause irritation"! The Home Secretary was afraid of Mr. Fred Hall and afraid of the strikers. He practically declined to interfere until someone was injured.

Mr. Jack Pease, the new Minister for Education, delivered his budget speech; he had got it up very well, but it was very dull and uninteresting. The Mad

Hatter was so enchanted with the speech that he moved to reduce Mr. Pease's salary by £100 in order to raise it to £5,000, and added that though he admired Mr. Pease, he thought he might have done better.

The Midland have artfully purchased the Tilbury Line behind the backs of the G.E.R., and the residents of Southend fear that they may do away with their cheap season tickets. Lord Claud Hamilton of the G.E.R., like the great gentleman he is, defended the rival line, and on pledges being given the Bill was allowed to creep upstairs.

On the adjournment Mr. McKenna got into further difficulties; he declared that the men on the *Lady Jocelyn* were strike-breakers, and on that account he had refused police protection. Feeling is getting very bitter, and a National Strike is once more threatened. It will be remembered the strike commenced over the retention of one old employee who was not a trade unionist.

On Friday, in a thin House, Mr. Montagu discussed Indian affairs, but the House can think of nothing but the strike and the amazing attitude of Mr. McKenna.

On the adjournment he announced that the order of business on Monday would be changed. He knew that there would be another motion to adjourn, so he proposed to postpone the Trades Union Bill rather than have the discussion on it cut in two.

Events moved rapidly over the week-end. A number of telegrams and letters of remonstrance were received by the leaders of the Opposition and the rank and file, filled with indignation at McKenna's attitude towards free labour. Mr. Bonar Law decided to move a vote of censure on the Government for their conduct over the strike. A vote of censure always has a bracing effect on an unpopular Government; for it pulls the supporters together, and Mr. Asquith pursued the usual tactics when he leapt to his feet and offered the earliest day possible for the debate. This has been fixed for Wednesday. In the meantime the proposed adjournment to discuss the matter on Monday at 8.15 went off, and the House settled down to discuss various miscellaneous items. The India Bill was finished after a trenchant speech from Sir John Rees, who declared that the whole policy of the Government in India was one of surrender to agitators—"a remark which applied to their policy at home"—which was a nasty cut at the Home Secretary.

The White Slave Traffic Suppression Bill next occupied the House, and the Mentally Deficient Bill filled up the rest of the evening. In the meantime the masters had delivered their ultimatum, being a flat refusal of the terms of the men. Messrs. Gosling and Tillett then carried out their threat of a General Strike, and telegrams went off to all the Unions concerned. It is to be seen whether the provinces will support London Labour. At the moment of writing it is considered to be very doubtful whether they will call out their men to any large extent.

On Tuesday the Premier, in answer to Ramsay MacDonald, said the good offices of the Government were

still open to the parties to the Dock dispute. He could not say more and could not very well have said less. The question as to how the Government will extricate the unfortunate McKenna from the mess he has got himself into occupies the minds of all men to the exclusion of everything else. The Home Rule debate in Committee began dully. There was an instruction to divide the Bill which of course failed, and it was not until Mr. Balfour rose to speak on treating Ulster separately that heat arose. The Solicitor-General replied.

I ought to record the fact that the Radical tail have succeeded in getting rid of their impartial Lord Chancellor at last, and Haldane, with his task half finished at the War Office, reigns in his stead; and that Sir Philip Sassoon has won an important victory at Hythe with no organisation, the machinery having fallen into desuetude owing to his late father's popularity.

The Magazines

IN the *English Review* this month there is a curious and interesting story by Mr. J. D. Beresford entitled "The Criminal." At least, one may be permitted to speak of it as a story, although it is really a satire most just. It merits reflection as well as reading. Mr. Henry Newbolt continues his "New Study of English Poetry." The present division of it is concerned with "Poetry and Personality." One naturally desires to welcome any study of poetry, but it is difficult to see exactly what is so new in Mr. Newbolt's article. Its subject is perennial in its interest: that is to say, it is a perennial subject of discussion, as most things are that are too well rounded to be divided and split up into categories. And the fact that the artist must be both personal and impersonal, at one and the same time in the moment of creation, not one or the other, is not only a fact that evades the analytical blade, but is evident in nearly all the explanatory comments that are quoted from the pens of artists, in no case more so than in the correspondence of Gustave Flaubert that is drawn upon so largely. Mr. E. M. Forster, in "Co-operation," falls considerably below his own level in the execution of the short story that is more than anecdote. It is an interesting, and even perhaps surprising, spectacle, to see Mr. Walter Sickert indulging in a defence of "The Royal Academy"; not that portion of the Academy considered properly advanced, but that portion of it in the line of the old tradition: Poynter, say, rather than Sargent, or the younger school. And what he has to say is as good, in the sense of being contributory to such thinking as leads to advance in the proper meaning of the word, as anything we have read of his for some time. It is certainly quaint that much that is called advanced work, in more branches of Art than one, should be work from which it is impossible to advance.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Thomas Hardy has a poem on the disaster of the *Titanic* called "The Convergence of the Twain." It is marked by that curious

quality characteristic of all his poetry, where the lines flow to their inevitable finish yet never seem to sing. So, too, the stanzas complete themselves perfectly, yet seem only to have been said in an equable voice, not sung. The twain whose convergence he imagines are of course, the *Titanic*, finished with such pains and skill under the hand of man, and the iceberg that she struck, finished with not less toil in the processes of Nature. The most noteworthy article of literary importance is by Mr. Horace Samuel on "August Strindberg," and is a competent and adequate review of the late dramatist's life as an artist. It was not an enviable life; nor was his an enviable character. It was, we venture to suggest, a type of character that belongs to an epoch of thought that we are now working away from—the natural product of it; and with the passing of a certain phase of scepticism the unhealthiness it produced will pass too. It would not be easy to find an unhappier example of it than Strindberg, and the more so because it was joined with a powerful mind and personality. The *Fortnightly* is not prolific in articles of literary interest. Like others of the monthlies, it relies chiefly on that recurrent round of political excitements that are as quickly forgotten as aroused, and that in the end mean so little. And when literary interests engage attention, they are more often than not drawn from French artists. But among the articles of political interest the one by Sidney Brooks, on "Sir Horace Plunkett and His Work," will be found to be of more than transient importance. There are many who would wish to know what exactly the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society (generally referred to as the I.A.O.S.) is in its organisation and intentions, not to say in its history. Mr. Sydney Brooks does not refer much to the difficulties that Sir Horace and Mr. George Russell have had to cope with in the way of opposition from those in places of power; and the nature of the work cannot be better arrived at than by understanding these difficulties and oppositions; yet he is informative and well-informed. What will probably remain the best article in the number is "Qualis Artifex," by Mr. Henry W. Nevinson.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Miss Edith Sichel writes upon "Pauline de Beaumont," that Pauline who achieved so sympathetic a friendship with Joubert. Miss Sichel knows her subject well, but she does no more than just speak from without of the people who arouse her interest. Mr. Mallock deals with the "Labour Unrest as a Subject of Official Investigation." He holds to the belief that the unrest of which he speaks is merely a phase in the life of the nation, a kind of national post-puberty. He is sanguine, with a stout intent to be sanguine. Mr. Heathcote Statham writes on "The Salon and the Royal Academy," with space-disadvantage to the latter.

In *Blackwood's* there is an excellent story by Mr. St. John Lucas entitled "Sanderson's Venus." We owe to the fact that we liked it because it was saturated in the atmosphere of Italy, and old Italian art. "Q" continues his serial "Hocken and Hunken," but we doubt

very much whether there are many people who read novels in detachments. It is at best an irritating business. In "Musings Without Method" the editor does a characteristic British thing in speaking of the "Rejuvenescence of France," because France has lately become enamoured of several English traits as a fashionable cult. There are some who describe it by a word that is rather antithetical to "rejuvenescence." In the *Cornhill* Dr. Fitchett deals with what he justly calls "One of the Puzzles of Waterloo: Napoleon's Scaffold." It appears from an old print that on the field of Waterloo was erected a scaffold from which Napoleon used to gain a view of the field. Certainly such a scaffold has never been heard of in all the mass of literature that the battle of Waterloo has brought out from time to time. But it has been confirmed by an account of the field by Sir Charles Bell, who visited the scene "to improve his knowledge of gunshot wounds," he being a surgeon. Dr. Fitchett does not himself discuss the matter, but throws it open to question and discussion. It is certainly a curious matter. Sir Henry Lucy continues his account of his "Sixty Years in the Wilderness," and Mary Skrine deals with "The Church in Mary Ferrar's House," disagreeing considerably with the account given in "John Inglesant."

In the *Century* this month there is an article on "The Escape of Prince Krapotkin," by George Kennan, that makes admirable reading. It is a stirring account of a clever piece of work; and the interest is all the acuter because all one's natural sympathies are with the escape. In *Harper's* Mr. Arnold Bennett continues his articles on "Your United States." His attitude is non-committal.

One is always glad to notice new magazines; and this month there appears for the first time *Bedrock*, a quarterly review of scientific thought. At this time of day the very title of the magazine is courageous. We should have thought that its chief value consisted in the fact that it recorded the last contribution to scientific investigation, irrespective of the fact that to-morrow might well see that piece of knowledge as being far from "bedrock." In fact, the interest of this present number arises from that very element. One of the most interesting of the seven articles, for instance, deals with "Darwin and Bergson on the Interpretation of Evolution," by Professor Poulton, in which Professor Poulton's natural inclinations are against Bergson. Another admirable article is by Professor Turner on "The Stars in Their Courses."

The Theatre

"Oliver Twist" at His Majesty's

THERE is good opportunity, we imagine, for a long article on the ethics of the process of dramatising a novel, more especially a novel which depends for its primary effect upon the charm of the author's manner. If that charm is sacrificed when the stage takes up

the story, and the whole thing so presents itself that it might have been the work of any clever playwright, can we pretend that it was worth doing? At the moment we cannot follow this interesting line of thought through the forest of argument; but such was the trend of our musings as we watched "Oliver Twist" last Tuesday night. A play was there, certainly; melodrama, in places, of the most luscious description. Here was the sneering, low-browed villain; the funny servant; the comic old man with his catchword that is supposed to bring the house down whenever it is uttered; the beautiful, pure heroine with complicated relationships which move her to the "No, Harry—it can never be" sacred to transpontine histrionics; the sweet, angelic child whom we have not encountered as yet in the flesh, and whom, if we did, we should desire to spank incontinently; the whining, hypocritical Jew; and others of the well-known properties. It was, in fact, the real thing as conceived by dozens of moderately equipped play-writers; and it is of little avail to say that all these are to be found in the book itself. For the charm of the book we sought in vain. The book is Dickens; the play was anything but Dickens.

This, perhaps, we need not grumble at, since melodrama of any kind in the hands of such superb actors as spend their strength over the intricacies of poor Oliver's career must perforce reach a point where complaint is hushed. In its way nothing could be finer than Mr. Basil Gill's management of the part of Harry Maylie; his organ-voice must have made the heart-strings of every girl vibrate in sympathy; and Rose, the little hot-house plant, was excellently interpreted by Miss Laura Cowie. The principal interest centred, of course, round Sir Herbert Tree's vivid picture of Fagin. That wily old thief gives opportunities that Sir Herbert was not likely to miss, and, as in 1905, he makes the most of them. Never have we heard so extraordinary a wheeze and cough either on the stage or off; and only in "Trilby" (and then with quite a different manner) have we seen such a portrayal of cunning and sheer devilment as he treats us to in the scenes of the thieves' dark den. With Mr. Frank Stanmore as the irrepressible "Artful Dodger," and Mr. Ion Swinley as Charlie Bates, the picture was bound to be a success; and when Miss Constance Collier reinforced it in her difficult part of the unhappy Nancy the success became emphatic. It is no easy matter to retain the spirit of Nancy within pleasing bounds; with the least over-acting the delicacy of the whole thing must be spoilt beyond repair, and it is to Miss Collier's credit that in the scene with Rose she exercised a most admirable restraint; only in one of her outbursts with the unspeakable Sikes did she become too distracted and incoherent. Bill Sikes, a mountain of a man in the hands of Mr. Lyn Harding, was as hoarse and terrible a figure as Dickens himself could have wished.

Oliver Twist was played by Master Alfred Willmore, and a frail wisp of a boy he seemed, far too good for this world. It is curious that the only really unnatural part in the play should be this one, but certain it is

that not even the boy's pretty acting could make it alive and credible. His best moment came in the clever scene of the burglary—Mr. Comyns Carr, who dramatised the novel, is to be heartily congratulated on this—where he was dropped through the window and shot by Sikes: the most thrilling incident in the play.

We cannot mention all the characters by name, but Mr. A. E. George, too thickly made up as Mr. Grimwig, Mr. Carter, also too purple as Bumble, and Mr. Morrell as the benevolent Mr. Brownlow, all did good work. And yet, notwithstanding the efforts of the ingenious Mr. Comyns Carr and the labours of a splendid company, we remain firm in our belief that Dickens is not for the stage. To stage a novel of Dickens may be likened to cracking and nibbling the stone of a cherry; we have the essential portion, perhaps—the seed, the plot—but the fine fruity covering is gone; and with Dickens, more than with most novelists, it was the method of telling the story that mattered.

The Irish Players

HITHERTO Mr. Lennox Robinson has written plays that we felt he would so soon outgrow as to feel an actual distaste for them. Not only because they have happened to be immature in workmanship, but because they have been rather too youthfully bitter in savour. But in "Patriots," which was played at the Court Theatre for the first time in London on the 10th instant, he breaks away from his early tendencies and achieves moments that are good for their own strong sake, and not because of some bitter cleverness in the playwright.

The very plot of "Patriots" has the high merit of simplicity. The central figure is that of James Nugent, one of the leaders in the old days of fire eighteen years ago. He was sentenced to death for killing a man who held certain important secrets, and who was about to divulge them. The sentence was transmuted; and as the play opens he is just about to be liberated. Since his imprisonment his wife has applied herself to her grocer's shop, with the result that she is now a successful and prosperous woman. Her daughter was born, prematurely as we afterwards learn, immediately after James' arrest, and the result of the shock to the mother is seen in the fact that the daughter is a cripple. Her two brothers, Bob and Harry, are in no way differentiated, being presented merely as two old soft-handed fogies. They were workers together with James Nugent in the past, when the League was a reality; Bob is still its secretary, and he and Harry, and others who in the old days were full of vigour, now spend their leisure in devising lectures for the League on Palestine and the Tyrol, under the impression that they are still carrying forward the tradition as zealots. There is, in fact, only two who are faithful to the old memory: and these two are young people who have it only as a recollection—James Nugent's crippled daughter Rose, and her friend Willie Sullivan. All the others have become prosperous or foolish or hard.

It is to this company that James Nugent returns on his release. He comes with full energy and in the fire of his first enthusiasm, in the faith, moreover, that the flag has been held high, and that he is returning to take up the leadership again of an enthusiastic army. The situation is one that is tense and dramatic; and it is significant that with the entrance of James, midway through the second act, the whole atmosphere is raised. The first act is too reminiscent of "Harvest" in the fact that the dialogue, whether clever or not, is cynical without being in any way indicative of character. This trait in Mr. Robinson is not less evident in the printed text of the play, for there we have the characters better described in the stage directions than is conveyed in their proper speech. It is only Ann who is clearly defined; and this is a matter of Sara Algood's acting, for she hardly says anything throughout the act.

The reason, of course, is that the situation is not one of drama but one of the novel, and Mr. Robinson must dip his pen in the novelist's ink to convey it. It is the entrance of James Nugent that changes things. When he asks if the League has a good store of arms, of its own accord the whole situation tightens and lifts the dramatist to the height of its demand. And when James has his interview with his wife, and learns that she has changed, too, but changed in a somewhat different manner from the others, having become hard and bitter, cold and inimical towards himself, then the situation tightens still further, and, though Mr. Robinson does not quite realise it, for good or for ill, the chief interest thereafter lies between husband and wife. All the other interests fall aside as James realises that she who trod Ireland with him in the days gone by, speaking at meetings with him in the seeming faith of an Ireland that should be free, now bears him enmity at the thought of a wasted youth and a blasted life.

Let us say at once that Mr. Robinson is not altogether true in his picture of Irish life. Last week we expressed it as our faith that the artist can only people his art with the blood from his own brain, and clothe it with the colour from his own imagination. To that we hold, but Mr. Robinson forgoes that high intention by dealing with scenes and occasions that can be collated with their original. It is not necessary for us to say that we happen to know from experience that the early fire is not quite so spent in the west of Ireland as he depicts: the loud cheers from various parts of the theatre that met James Nugent's call for arms and denunciation of politics, were sufficient to show that; consequently the satire, which was keen and deadly, was rather in excess of the occasion. But it was not so with the situation between James Nugent and his wife. There were not only the makings of deep tragedy there; there was its realisation. The crippled child, Rose, as a kind of symbol between them, was a fine conception: her turning to her father, who to her is hero as well as father, and her mother's bitterness against her husband flaming out in a wild jealousy over her child, marking and accentuating the tense drama as nothing else could have done.

Therefore if we were disappointed with the opening, and much of the adventitious matter of the play, our interest was to be aroused by a second and third act that reached forward to a considerably higher level. Mr. Robinson will believe that we mean no critical impertinence with an artist's proper conception of his own business when we say that we wished he had begun his play later, carried it later, and kept it more steadfastly to that deeper interest. The scene between husband and wife in the second act, and the even more intense scene in the closing act, each of them held the whole house, and left it purged as men are only purged when they are wrung to the finer heights of sympathy. Particularly was this the case in the third act. Nugent has come into the hall that he expected full for his address at the opening of his campaign, to find it empty; in his disappointment he declares he will go to Dublin, and Rose has avowed her intention of going with him; and Mrs. Nugent, to keep her child, at last tells her husband what she has hitherto kept from him, that he, and he alone, is responsible for the fact that Rose is a cripple. It breaks him. There were tears in that; and they were realised in the tense strong acting of Fred O'Donovan and Sara Algood. Both throughout made no misstep, and helped to the just success of the play. Miss Kathleen Drago, too, as Rose, played with considerable insight and sympathy, in spite of the fact that she was very nervous in the early stages. Messrs. Arthur Sinclair and O'Rourke, as the pettifogging old fools Bob and Harry, were excellent; and Mr. Sydney Morgan, as Peter O'Mahoney, did well with a part that was not too well defined.

We will not do Mr. Robinson the customary fatuity of saying that the play was promising. There was fine achievement in it; and there was also that which was not achievement; and as a whole it was sincere and strong. The evening closed with Lady Gregory's one-act play, "The Jackdaw."

Art

Modern Colour-Prints

THREE years ago the Society of Graver-Printers in Colour held its first exhibition in this country. Others followed, both in London and Paris, and there is now one open at Messrs. Goupil's Gallery in Bedford Street, Strand. The number of those who are practising this art of colour-printing—which is directly derived, at least in the case of the wood-cut process, from the now famous work of the Japanese colour-printers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—is still comparatively small, though the fact that a school has been opened by Mr. W. Lee Hankey, one of the Society's original members, shows that it is likely to become more popular. At present, however, there is not a little charm in its singularity. The prints exhibited are, broadly speaking, of two kinds, woodcuts and metal

prints. In the case of the former, impressions are taken alternately from a number of wood-blocks—a separate block being cut for each colour required, while in the case of the metal-print, the method is similar, soft or aquatint grounds being the most generally used.

The members of the Society draw special attention to the fact that each print is entirely the work of the artist, *i.e.*, that it is designed, engraved, and printed by him, and this, of course—apart from technical differences of method—at once differentiates this art of colour-printing from that of the English eighteenth-century engravers, who for the most part were merely copyists of the work of contemporary painters. The real and great distinction, however, between these prints and those of the eighteenth century is to be found in the method of colour.

The aim of the colour-printer—and of the realisation of this some of the Japanese prints remain, of course, the perfect illustration—has been expressed by Mr. Lee Hankey as a desire to produce "colour-prints" as opposed to "coloured prints." The distinction is obvious: the colour must be as much an integral part of the whole as in an oil painting or a water-colour, and by no means a mere addition to something already complete, as was the case with the old English prints, which were often coloured only after a certain number of *chiaroscuro* impressions had been taken and the plate had begun to show signs of wear—though as a matter of fact the worn plates actually gave better results in colour.

One hopes that this distinction may never be lost sight of by the members of the present Society. In the introduction to the catalogue the possibilities of the medium are spoken of as limitless, and so, of course, they are in a certain sense, while those who employ it as a means of expression are content to keep within its technical boundary lines. For while it is undeniable that many beautiful effects may be obtained by a union of two or more diverse processes, and new beauties discovered by the disregard of arbitrary rules, without ignoring the close relationship which has existed between the various methods of producing what are known as "prints," there can be little doubt that the best work has generally been done rather on account than in spite of the so-called limitations of the chosen medium.

Of the works shown in the present exhibition one feels that those which are technically the most obvious, and in which the close relationship of the end and the means is most clearly discernible, are also the most interesting from an artistic point of view. As an example of the woodcut in colour in one of its simplest forms it is pleasant to see Mrs. E. C. Austen Brown's "Spring" and "The Sandy Road," hung near the entrance to the Gallery. One may instance also Miss Mabel A. Royd's "Girl and Goat," and Mr. Lee Hankey's "Virgin and Child," which is a metal-print like Mrs. Nelson Dawson's "By the Sussex Downs." The latter, however, charming as it is, being almost a monochrome, is not such a good example as those just named of the pure, clean colour which is the colour-

print's great beauty. The delicacy of the metal-print work is well shown in Mr. Alfred Hartley's "Flagstaff," and again, though in a different manner, in the sketch study of "Liza," by Mr. W. Douglas Almond. But that which remains in one's memory as one of the most beautiful things in the exhibition is a little study of pure blue sky and rough uneven ground, with suggestions of low-lying buildings, seen in the evening, which Mr. Lee Hankey calls "The Outskirts of London." Apart, however, from the interest of the individual work to be seen here, the unique nature of the exhibition would make it specially deserving of a visit.

Notes and News

The lectures that Mr. Frank Harris announced to give at Claridge's Hotel this month, are unavoidably postponed, owing to the illness and enforced absence abroad of the lecturer.

The Blake Society, the principal object of which is to bring together the admirers of William Blake, the poet-painter, has been formed. The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney. The meetings will be held in London, at Chichester, and at Felpham.

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. announce for immediate publication "The New Wood Nymph," by Dorothea Russell. In this work, the author sets forth something of the dangers and problems which confront a girl whose senses and intellect are both keenly awake.

Mr. Edward Booth has just completed a new novel, and admirers of "The Cliff End" will no doubt appreciate the fresh treat in store for them. The scene is principally laid at a popular seaside resort called "Spaforth," which Yorkshire readers will have no difficulty in identifying. Mr. Edward Arnold is the publisher.

Mr. Darrell Figgis, the author of "Shakespeare: A Study," will lecture on "The Sanction of Poetry," at Clifford's Inn Hall, Fleet Street, at 9 p.m., on June 17. This is the second of a series of lectures upon poetry given under the auspices of the *Poetry Review*. Tickets, 2s., can be obtained at the offices of the *Review*, 93, Chancery Lane, E.C.

In his Short History of Music in England, Mr. Ernest Ford, F.R.A.M., promises a book for the general reader, free from technicalities. His aim is to give a simple and rational account of the events which have led to the complex state of the musical England that we know now. The work will have portraits, and will be issued almost immediately by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

"The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "The Woodlanders" will be published in June in Messrs. Macmillan's new Wessex Edition of the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy. In July "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "Life's Little Ironies" will appear; and in August "Wessex Tales" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes." Each volume has a preface and notes and a new frontispiece in photogravure.

Mr. Murray will publish this month the second volume of Monsignor Duchesne's "Early History of the Christian Church." The period dealt with, which ends with the close of the fifth century, covers some of the most critical periods in ecclesiastical history, including the great persecution under Diocletian. Monsignor Duchesne's unique position among living historians of the Church makes his work one which followers of ecclesiastical history will need.

Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes will publish this month at half-a-crown "The Manchester Politician, 1750-1912," by Gerald Berkeley Hertz, M.A., with a preface by Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C. This important work gives a vivid and unprejudiced account of the political thought of Manchester since the development of the cotton trade first made it an important centre. It examines and accounts for the rise and fall of the Manchester School. It gives a clear picture of the forces that have moulded Manchester opinion in the past, and that govern it to-day.

A new selection of "Letters of William Cowper," edited by Dr. J. G. Frazer, will shortly appear in Messrs. Macmillan's Eversley series of standard works. In making his selection the editor has aimed at choosing, first, such letters as exhibit the charm and grace of the writer's style at his best, and, second, such letters as illustrate the writer's life and character, his tastes and pursuits, his judgments on books, men, and passing events. To enable the reader to understand passing allusions, a brief biographical introduction is prefixed to the letters, and a few footnotes have been added.

Mr. John Lane is publishing this week "Memories of James McNeill Whistler: The Artist," by Thomas R. Way, at 10s. 6d. net. This volume contains about forty illustrations, including an unpublished etching drawn by Whistler and bitten in by Sir Frank Short, A.R.A.; an original lithograph sketch, seven lithographs in colour drawn by the author upon brown paper, and many in black and white. In most cases the originals are drawings and sketches by Whistler which have never been published before. The text deals with the author's memories of nearly twenty years' close association with Whistler, and he endeavours to treat only with the man as an artist, and perhaps, especially as a lithographer. There will also be an *édition de luxe* on handmade paper, with the etching printed from the original plate, limited to 50 copies; price £2 2s. net.

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The June number of the *Round Table*, "a Quarterly Review of the Politics of the British Empire," deals with several questions of vital interest. None will probably attract more attention just now than the account of the recent General Strike in Brisbane, which was mainly settled by the vigorous action of the people themselves in assisting the authorities by forming a strong citizen force to maintain law and order. The number contains also an able examination of the Home Rule question from the constitutional standpoint; an article on "The Other Irish Question," the agricultural development of the country, and another on "The Durbar and After." There are also summaries of the general political situation in the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand, written by correspondents residing in the countries concerned. The *Round Table* is now published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

The North British Academy of Literature has been founded with the purpose of giving literature, and those devoted to literary pursuits, the same advancement the N.B.A. of Arts accomplished for art and artists; and offers a prize of five guineas for the best essay embodying a series of useful, practical suggestions for the advancement of literature, the encouragement of authors, the best methods for discovering and rewarding real literary talent, and for discouraging the worthless and suppressing the injurious. Intending competitors should intimate their intention, stating full name, age, occupation, and address; shall bind themselves to accept the award of the Academy as final; all suggestions submitted shall be, if desired, at the service of the Academy, and if the Academy so determines it may print and publish the successful essay for gratuitous circulation. Candidates will be informed through the post the date when the essay must be submitted. The length is left to the judgment of the competitor. It must be typed or written clearly on one side of the paper only, and a stamped addressed envelope for its return must be enclosed. All communications should be addressed to Mr. W. J. Morgan, Hon. Sec., North British Academy, Claremont Buildings, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE PLIGHT OF CHINA.

THE situation in the Far East is once more engaging serious attention. The new Republic is in urgent need of funds with which to establish itself on a sound basis. But the irritant of foreign control in financial matters, which went a long way towards precipitating the rebellion, has been abruptly revived and constitutes the principal of the many problems confronting the Government. For the moment there is a deadlock in the negotiations with the banking groups of the six nations, and it is understood that China is attempting to raise an internal loan of an amount sufficient to cover her more pressing needs. No one having knowledge of recent events will deny that were the Government to accept the conditions laid down by the foreign financiers, then its existence would be immediately placed in peril, and a renewal of tumult, if not a counter revolution, might be looked for. The unseemly scramble that characterised the business competition of various nations

having interests in China before the dynasty was swept away, was certainly to be deplored. In this way international differences were accentuated, and on more than one occasion Powers were brought to the verge of war. Moreover, the continual process of bargaining which went on led the Chinese to secure easy terms, in some cases altogether incompatible with proper protection for the interests of the investing public.

The Governments of the six nations whose financiers contemplated lending money to republican China sought to find an enduring solution of these difficulties by the process of combination among the various groups concerned. This combination was ultimately arranged and was accorded the diplomatic support of all the Powers interested in its enterprise. The complaint then arose that what virtually constituted an international trust had been created. On the one hand the Chinese urged that they were precluded from obtaining money on the best terms, while on the other, rival groups protested that they were being excluded from the field. Thereupon, the favoured capitalists issued an announcement to the effect that they were not at all anxious to lend money to China, and that if she could satisfy her requirements by means of a domestic loan, they would not suffer from anything in the nature of disappointment.

Sir Edward Grey did not hesitate to adopt this view. "It is China who wants to borrow," he said, "and not others who wish to press loans upon her." From the official standpoint, such an attitude is, of course, strictly correct. For the rest, however, we find it difficult to accept the unctuous disavowal of the international banking group. A loan of the magnitude proposed, involving a sum of sixty millions sterling, at a fair rate of interest, and adequately secured, could not otherwise than have proved an alluring avenue of investment. It is the custom of financiers, from the magnate down to the individual who lends ready accommodation on small security, to convey the impression during the preliminary bargaining that the actual transaction of business is a matter of supreme unconcern to himself. In the announcement of the international banking group may be traced a certain note of smug confidence. It is obvious that they believe that the attempt to raise an internal loan will fail, and that it is only a matter of time when China, somewhat chastened, will seek their assistance. Doubtless this conjecture is not far from the mark.

That there is enormous wealth in China cannot be gainsaid. The individual, afraid to trust his savings to the Government or to other native securities of investment, has hoarded them up. No adequate banking system exists, and the new Administration has not yet had time to establish a reputation for honest dealing such as would warrant the people subscribing to an internal issue on any considerable scale. But if, as alleged in some quarters, it is true that the international banking group endeavoured to force upon China a larger sum than she actually needed, then it is not outside the range of possibility that the temporary crisis may be overcome by means of an appeal to the country for

contributions to the national exchequer. Already we are told that the provinces are sending substantial amounts to the capital. A more generous appreciation abroad of the difficulties that beset the republican statesmen in office is required. Were they to yield to the terms demanded as the price of the foreign loan, then, as I have already pointed out, there would be a danger of a counter revolution. On the other hand, while criticising the attitude adopted by the banking group, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that if, as Sir Edward Grey rightly says, money is not to be lent upon proper conditions, "Chinese credit will disappear and confusion and chaos will result." The Foreign Minister shows a true appreciation of what is required of him when he adds, "I cannot support anything that is likely to produce these untoward consequences."

It has been argued that if China were able to secure better terms abroad than those offered to her by the banking group who have the advantage of diplomatic support, then no obstacle should be placed in her way. But it must not be forgotten that, in a broad sense, Sir Edward Grey has a duty to fulfil in seeing that the investing public is not victimised as a consequence of the adventurous exploits of speculative financiers. We might wish that there were other Government departments which could place a check upon the rash activities of financiers nearer home.

Both before and during the revolution the policy of Great Britain was directed towards the maintenance of the integrity of China, and there is no reason to believe that this policy has undergone any change since the establishment of a Republic. It would seem that the impairment of Chinese credit, as a consequence of an inadequately secured loan, would produce chaos, and therefore bring about conditions such as would threaten the nation's integrity. That is the view of the Governments and the financiers. But the Chinese hold that so sensitive is popular feeling on the subject, that acceptance of the terms laid down as essential to a foreign loan would bring about those perilous conditions which such terms are designed to avert. It is not possible to decide finally as to which side is in the right, for the reason that no detailed statement of the course of negotiations has up to the present been made public.

It is suspected that both Japan and Russia, to whom the prospect of a strong and enlightened China is not agreeable, are employing the opportunity for the furtherance of their own ends. Thus a Tokyo newspaper of recent date announces that the mission to Europe of Prince Katsura, the late Premier, and Baron Goto, whose intimate association with the Manchurian Administration in the past is well known, will for the most part be centred in St. Petersburg; and remarks gratuitously that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has ceased to serve the purposes of Japan. The absorption of Manchuria and a large portion of Mongolia is now the fixed policy of these Powers, and it is clear that we must display caution lest, in being made the catspaw of their designs, we damage our reputation for honest dealing with China.

Motoring and Aviation

ALTHOUGH, for one reason or another, only half of the total number of competitors entered for the *Daily Mail* flying race round London actually made the start from Hendon on Saturday afternoon last, the event must be pronounced a conspicuous success from several points of view. It afforded millions of people their first opportunity of witnessing an aeroplane in flight, and thus brought home to them some conception of the future in store for the flying machine; and it also demonstrated a fact which many people doubted, namely, that the skilled and experienced airman can, under ordinary conditions, accurately determine his whereabouts and find the shortest way from point to point. It is true that several of the competitors went far out of their way before eventually reaching the winning post, but this does not affect the fact that Mr. Hamel, the winner, piloted his machine round all the observation points en route with mathematical accuracy, and completed the entire circuit of greater London, a distance of over 80 miles, in 98 minutes; and what has been done by one man and one machine can be done by others, granted an equal amount of skill on the part of the former and of reliability on the part of the latter. Saturday's race showed us nothing new in the way of speed or altitude flying, but it did more than any previous event in the history of aviation to bring home to the minds of the British public the practical possibilities of the aeroplane.

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A case of some interest and importance to motorists and the motor industry has just been decided by Judge Harrington. It was one in which Messrs. S. Bowley and Son, the well-known manufacturers of motor spirit and lubricating oils, sued the Corporation of Gillingham for the amount of duty on petrol supplied after the Finance Act of 1910 came into force, which duty, of course, had in the first place to be paid by the plaintiffs. The Corporation's position was that Messrs. Bowley had contracted to deliver to them a certain quantity of petrol at a specified price, and they declined to refund the amount of the duty, on the ground that the Act of 1910, which imposed a consumer's duty of 3d. per gallon on petrol, contained no provision authorising the seller who sold under a contract entered into before the duty was imposed to charge such duty to the buyer. In his judgment, however, Mr. Justice Harrington pointed out that there was such a provision in the Finance Act of 1901, and that, until specifically repealed, the section embodying it must be read into all subsequent Finance Acts. He therefore gave judgment in favour of Messrs. Bowley, and most people will endorse the soundness and justice of the decision. The case illustrates the fact that in English law and practice it is the spirit rather than the letter of a contract which has to be observed.

From Messrs. De Dion Bouton (1907), Ltd., comes a copy of their "Instruction Book" for the use of owners of 1912 De Dions. It contains, elaborately and excellently illustrated with diagrams, the completest possible information on every point in connection with the use and care of the car, in addition to much sensible advice—particularly under the heading of "Don'ts for Novices"—which many motorists, whether drivers of De Dions or any other cars would do well to take to heart. In the "Foreword" special attention is directed to the vital importance of cleanliness, adequate lubrication, and prompt adjustment whenever and wherever slackness or "play" becomes apparent, and the mischievous and widespread fallacy that it is only "cheap" cars that require this attention is forcibly exposed. As a matter of fact, of course, the finer the car the more essential is intelligent treatment, if the best of which the car is capable is to be extracted from it. The writer of the booklet illustrates the folly of the popular impression by asking what would be thought if a novice in equine matters suggested that a 600 guinea blood-sire ought to be able to stand exposure, inadequate feeding, and dispense with veterinary attention with greater impunity than could a thirty-pound cart-horse. And yet this is an almost parallel case. It does not follow that a high-class car should be packed in wadding or enclosed in a glass case when not in use, but undoubtedly the better a car is the more thoroughly will it repay careful and intelligent usage.

To-day's flying programme at Hendon consists of three events—a cross-country handicap open to all types of aeroplanes, over a distance of about sixteen miles; a

speed handicap; and the "International Correspondence Schools' Distance Test." This last is for a prize of £100, and is confined to students of the I.C.A. In addition to the three contests, there will be exhibition and passenger flights by well-known aviators, and Mr. Slack will make his start from the Aerodrome on an aeroplane tour of England, organised under the auspices of the International Correspondence Schools.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany has recently purchased a 25-h.p. Clement-Talbot car by Mr. Aldersey Swann, as described in these columns in our issue of June 8.

Flying at Hendon

THE Aerodrome at Hendon, which has now been the scene of so many great events in connection with aviation, on Saturday last witnessed its great Aerial Derby. Although during the early part of the afternoon the weather was anything but favourable, as the starting time drew near it was reported that the conditions were suitable for flying, and the first competitor rose from the ground soon after 4.30. Of the twenty-five aviators who entered for the contest only seven actually started. Mr. Hucks, from whom much was expected, unfortunately damaged the wheels of his machine while making a trial flight.

The crowd was very great both at Hendon and at all the various districts over which the race extended. Mr. Sopwith secured the lead at Kempton Park, the first turning place, and managed to keep it throughout the race, returning to Hendon twenty minutes before Mr. Hamel. The trophy and prize, however, were awarded to this latter competitor, as Mr. Sopwith had failed to pass the point at Purley. As usual, Mr. Hamel carried his lady passenger, Miss Trehawke Davies. In spite of rain and mist, this plucky young lady occupied her time by writing an account of the journey during their progress through the air. Great excitement prevailed as about six o'clock the competitors began to return, Mr. Moorhouse securing the second place and Mr. Valentine the third on account of the disqualification of Mr. Sopwith.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE liquidation appears to be coming to an end, but the public declines to gamble. All sorts of troubles have combined to frighten the speculator; the transport strike prevents any business in Home Rails; the Anglo-Continental scandal has scared the gambler in Mines. It will take at least a month before those who lost their money in the last boom have forgotten their

losses, and when that month is over no one will be thinking about speculation, for they will be taking a holiday. Therefore, we shall probably have idle days right through until September. Looking back on the boom that has just burst, one is surprised to find that so few people have made money. The Stock Exchange has, of course, done well; it always does well when there is business about, because it takes a short view, and never hesitates to snatch a profit when it sees one. The gambler waits until prices are high, and when the slump comes he is still found hanging on to his stocks. When he has lost his money, he blames the Stock Exchange, which is most unfair. If the gambler took professional advice, he would usually make money, but he never asks for advice until after he has got himself into a mess.

The new issues of the past week have not gone well. Neither the Danish Loan nor the City of Moscow loan was applied for; in each case the underwriters had to take about half. The North of England Trustee Debenture and Assets Corporation is offering £100,000 4½ per cent. first mortgage debentures of the Royal Automobile Club Buildings Company. They made a private offer to the members of the club, but this offer could not have been accepted; otherwise the public would not have had the chance of participating in the issue. As there are now about 7,000 members in the club, and as the total sum required for interest and sinking fund is only £6,000, the bond may be considered a first-class security. Millars Timber and Trading Company has offered £257,917 6 per cent. Preference shares at 6d. premium. This company is now earning large profits, and the Preference shares are a good security of their class. The Princess's Hotel, Ltd., is a company formed to acquire the site of the Princess's Theatre. A large hotel is to be built at a cost of £600,000. The profits are estimated at £72,500 a year, but naturally such a company must be a pure speculation. It is doubtful whether the Calgary Brewing and Smelting Company 5 per cent. bonds will go, for the public is tired of Canadian securities.

MONEY.—The Money Market is beginning to look easy. This is what everyone expected, and if the Government would release its funds, bankers would hardly know how to use their spare cash. Indeed, if we had any falling off in trade, we might find the Bank of England obliged to reduce its rate.

FOREIGNERS.—There is still very little to be said about the Chinese question. The haggling goes on, and London bankers feel confident that in the end China will agree to the principal terms of the loan. The Moscow Loan at ¾ discount looks cheap, and the same may be said of the Danish loan at ¾ discount. Both of these new issues are worth buying, as they are in good hands, and an attempt will be made to get the underwriters out. Tintos have been a good market, and some big transactions have been done. One firm boasted that it had dealt in 10,000 Tintos in one line, and that it intended to take them off the market. The millionaire loves to gamble in Tintos, and I should not be surprised to see them at 85 within the next month. Anacondas, in spite of the fact that there has been some selling from the United States, also look cheap, but nothing else in the Foreign Market appears worth discussing.

HOME RAILS.—Evidently the "bears" are getting nervous of the position. This is the only explanation I can give of the rise that took place on Monday. There is a short account in most of the heavies, but both Dover A's and Little Chats seem certain to fall, for here there is a definite "bull" account which, sooner or later, must be liquidated. I still remain of the opinion that it would be wiser to wait until the turn of the quarter before investing in Home Railway stocks. Curiously enough the transport strike is diverting ship traffic to the railways, and this will help the position.

YANKEES.—The American Market appears depressed. In the United States everybody is discussing politics, and

those who are not arguing about Roosevelt are quietly picking up Copper shares. Railway stocks are hardly ever mentioned, and it must be some years since so little business was done. Amalgamated did not rise as I expected. I certainly think that they should go to par within the next month, for if Copper remains over 17 cents, this company will double its dividend, even supposing that the scheme for liquidation is not carried out. The Steel Corporation figures were not liked. Considering the boom talk we have had as to the prospects of the Steel trade in the United States, the position here does not look particularly good.

RUBBER.—The past few days have shown a desire on the part of investors to buy Rubber shares, and on the whole the list has hardened. I am unable to follow the arguments used by the "bulls," for it seems to me unwise to invest in any tropical industry unless a clear 10 per cent. can be seen. It is not enough to obtain 10 per cent. for the present year, for there ought to be a reasonable chance of the dividend being maintained, and in the case of Rubber shares it seems almost certain that next year will see as large a reduction in distributions as was seen in 1911. The Anglo-Java report was not particularly satisfactory.

OIL.—The event of the week in the Oil Market was the Shell report. It cannot be said that the Shell directors let the shareholders into their confidence. The company is, of course, now purely a holding concern, deriving the whole of its profits from dividends in other companies. These dividends have been reduced £77,477, and as a result Shell only pays 20 per cent. for the year instead of 22½ per cent. But £922,240 has been written off for depreciation, which is £386,481 more than last year. Great play is made in the report of the competition with the Standard Oil, and tremendous pressure is being brought to bear on the Dutch Government to cancel the concession given to the Standard. It is very doubtful whether Shell is in earnest with regard to this fight with the Standard Oil. As far as one can gather, a compromise has been arrived at, and the talk of an Oil war is only kept up for diplomatic purposes. The figures in the balance sheet show very slight alterations from last year. The only new item of any importance is the loan to the Asiatic Petroleum Company of £265,000. The market took the figures very amiably, but it would seem that there is now no speculation in Oil shares, and prices will probably drop for some time to come.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—A certain number of newspapers make it their business continually to talk about the "coming boom in Kaffirs" or the "coming boom in Rhodesians." But there are no signs of either on the Stock Exchange, and the general public remains completely indifferent to both markets.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi report is verbose, but the dividend is satisfactory, and the prospects of the company reasonably good. This does not prevent me from thinking that Marconis will fall still lower, for the "bull" account is not extinguished. Lipton's profits are up. One is glad to see that the company is improving its position, for Sir Thomas Lipton is a popular if somewhat sanguine man of business.

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